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THE·MASTER·VALVE

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YOUR LAST CHANCE

BEFORE XMAS

1/- Christmas Gift Voucher.
This Xmas Gift Voucher will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous 'John Bull' Pen. Only one voucher taken in part payment for each Pen. Offer available until Dec. 31, 1926.
The famous "John Bull" Lever Filler Pen fitted with 14 ct. solid gold nib iridium tipped, is cut out of solid vulcanite. Safety cap; beautifully chased. Equal to pens selling at double and treble the price. All British. Two years guarantee with each Pen.
2/6
EVERPOINTED PENCIL
Free

THE reception given by our Readers this year to our Christmas Gift Offer has exceeded all expectations. As fast as applications are received, the Gift Sets are despatched by a huge staff working at top pressure. To avoid the last-minute rush at Christmas Eve, readers who have not yet applied for their sets are advised to send in their applications now.

OUR GIFT OFFER One shilling (1/-) in the form of the above Voucher, which will be accepted as 1/- Cash in part payment of the famous "JOHN BULL" lever filler Pen. In addition, with each Pen will be presented FREE a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil, heavily plated, complete with refills.

Cut out the presentation Voucher above, attach to Coupon, and post to-day. This is your last chance before Christmas.

Christmas Gift Coupon.

"JOHN BULL," Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please send me the Golden Christmas Gift Set, containing the "JOHN BULL" 5/- Lever Filler Pen, and FREE 2/6 Everpointed Pencil.

I enclose Gift Voucher (which please accept as 1/- in part payment), together with Postal Order for 4/3 (which includes Postage and Insurance).

(Pocket Clip 3d. each extra.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Fine, medium or broad nib. (Cross out grades not required.)

Your name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra.....
(Write in capitals name desired.)

Cross Cheque/P.O. "& Co.," and make payable to "JOHN BULL." J.B. 18.12.26

5

JOHN BULL PAYS 40 CHEQUES OF £12·0·0 to Registered Readers

The readers whose names are given below all benefit under "Home Accidents" just one of the many benefits offered under "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift.

£12	Mr. G. HARRISON, 63, Lea Road, Gainsborough.	£12	Mr. C. H. DOSSCHEP, 47, [illegible] Road, Walthamstow.
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£12	Mrs. A. SODERSTROM, 133, Glannant Place, Neath Abbey.	£12	Mr. G. HYDE, Debdale [illegible] End, Nr. Worcester.
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POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

READER'S NAME ..... Age
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

ADDRESS .....

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READER'S SIGNATURE .....

NAME AND ADDRESS OF NEWSAGENT .....

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DATE .....

Use 4d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 3d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

SIGNATURE .....

ADDRESS .....

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DATE .....

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Irving's YEAST-VITE *Tablets.*

Contains Vitamin (B).

A Lightning Pick-me-up.

IRVING'S *Yeast-Vite* TABLETS will relieve

Headache, Neuralgia, etc., in 5 minutes.
Indigestion, Flatulence, in 5 to 10 minutes.
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression, in 10 to 15 minutes.
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 20 minutes.
Influenza Colds, Fever, in 24 hours.

The greatest medical discovery of the century! Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of Yeast-Vite when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. Take a tablet or two and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

OUR GUARANTEE Obtain a 1/3 bottle from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly post us the empty bottle and we will refund your money immediately.

£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the following extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received nearly 45,000 letters from satisfied users in less than three years which are open to inspection.

28008—M. C. Bridstowe: Please post me (urgent) another 24/- bottle of Irving's "Yeast-Vite." They are wonderful, and I am anxious to continue them for three patients without a break.

28001—H. H. S., of Canton: Kindly mail me via Siberia two bottles of Irving's "Yeast-Vite" (containing 700 Tablets in each). I have found them very beneficial for my complaint—neuritis.

28010—Nurse G. C., Chiswick: I feel I must write and tell you how very much better in health I have been since I started taking your wonderful "Yeast-Vite" Tablets. I have been in a poor state of health for some considerable time, and have tried quite a number of different tonics, but have not yet found anything to equal "Yeast-Vite."

28035—R. W., Shepherd's Bush: I feel that I should write and tell you that I have derived great benefit from "Yeast-Vite," and after taking it for about two days felt different altogether. For some time past I have been feeling very run-down, could not sleep and was a bag of nerves, and could not cheer myself up. Now I feel quite fit and bright and have gained 5lbs. in one week. I work in a large Government Office, and have recommended them to numerous members of the staff and they also say that they feel very satisfactory results. Wishing you every success with your undertaking.

28016—A. P. R., East Ham: I feel I must write to express my gratitude for the beneficial treatment I have received through your "Yeast-Vite" Tablets. To be perfectly frank, I did not anticipate such a rapid change in my condition, in such a short space of time, namely, a week. I have suffered from nervousness for a considerable period, during which I have tried practically every kind of Patent Medicines with very little or no benefit.

28017—L. H. R., Birmingham: Just a line to thank you for the wonderful recovery I have made, through taking one bottle of "Yeast-Vite" Tablets. For a considerable time I have suffered from Indigestion and Flatulence with very acute pain. Several remedies have I tried but to no avail.

28018—Nurse L. B., Bowes Park: I have been suffering from Flatulence for some time but cannot find anything to relieve me—as well as your Tablets—they seem to put me right almost at once.

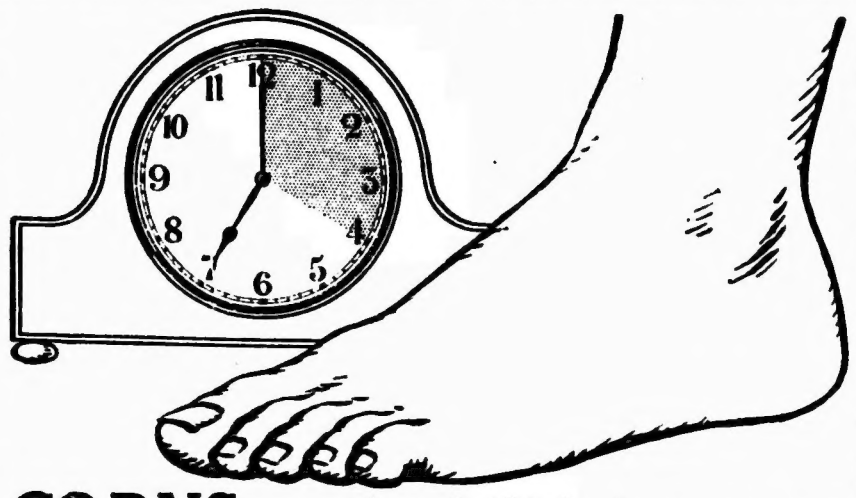
28019—Miss A. B.: This with great pleasure that I write to inform you of the benefit I have received through using your "Yeast-Vite" Tablets. I have been using them for about two months now and have had wonderful results.

28020—E. C., Maidenhead: I am writing to tell you how beneficial I have proved "Yeast-Vite" Tablets to be. I was thoroughly run-down and my nerves were a perfect wreck, but after taking a bottle of "Yeast-Vite" I felt myself again. I shall recommend them wherever I can.

Caution. Beware of imitations! See the name 'Irving's Yeast-Vite' on every carton and bottle, and sealed with Government stamp. Refuse fraudulent substitutes, which are worthless!

Send postcard for free treatise on Anæmia, Nerves, Skin Blemishes, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, etc.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES,
"Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1



CORNS and chilblains gone in twenty minutes

The business end of a corn is the root. Until you tackle the root you will never be free of the corn. To cut, paint or plaster the surface is useless. But, take a Radox footbath or two and you will be able to remove the corn completely, root and all. The Radox way of removing corns is easy, absolutely painless and free from danger of caustics. Read this letter:—

"I beg to inform you of the good I have received from your Radox Bath Salts. Some time ago I used it for a corn and successfully removed it. Since then I have had no foot troubles whatever. I contracted chilblains on both feet owing to severe frost in my district, and bore the pain and itching for three days, when I could not tolerate it any longer, so I hobbled up to the local Chemist and bought a 1/6 packet of Radox and bathed my feet. Next morning I had no pain, no itching, no chilblains whatever, and all this comfort was due to 20 minutes immersion of the feet in a gallon of water, in which I put a tablespoonful of Radox Bath Salts. It is a valuable healing power, of which no praise is too great, and I shall recommend it everywhere."

10th November, 1926. *H. W.*

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corns, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it can be lifted out bodily.

TESTED JB **1/6** Half Pound Pink Packet.

Radox Bath Salts

Give your feet that "Kruschen Feeling."

Ask for Radox at your chemist's, price 1s. 6d. per ½ lb. pink packet, 2s. 6d. double quantity.

It's good to be a bird! We have
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Get your pet a tin of Spratt's "Sing-Song" to-day! It is a tasty tonic delicacy that comes to you in a neat little tin that simply clips to the bars of the cage, and should be given every other week or so as a special treat and pick-me-up. Your dealer sells "Sing-Song" in 6d. tins, but if you experience any difficulty write at once to: SPRATT'S PATENT, LIMITED, 24.5, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3.
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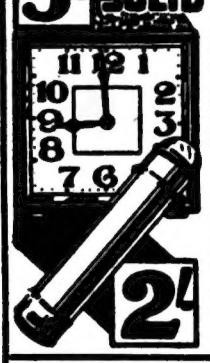
5/- SOLID BRASS CLOCKS



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The finest imitation saxophone yet produced. Length 18 inches. Fine mellow tone. Easy fingering. 16 keys and 2 bass. Mastered in a few minutes. Price, Post Free, in U.K. (or C.O.D. in U.K.).
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Quality instrument. Length 16 inches. Keys and fingering as above. Price Post Free in U.K. (or C.O.D. in U.K.). Gives your friends a fully musical entertainment this Christmas. **6/6**
SEND TO-DAY for a Jun. Sax or Organette.
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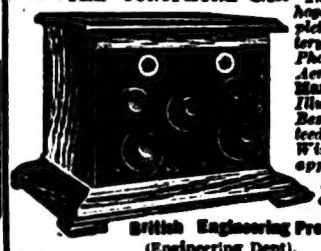
The "Tonyphone" G.II. is a Two-Valve Receiver of remarkable selectivity, having a range of well over 1,000 miles. Receives all B.B.C. and most Continental Stations. Will be sent on approval, complete with all accessories on receipt of 10/-. You pay a further 10/- within 7 days and 5/- each week afterwards until completed. **THE "TONYPHONE" G.II.**



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L	U	N	G		B	A	N	N	S		M	A	S	S
A		A	R	R	O	W		E	T	H	I	C	A	L
S	A	N	E		T	H	E	R	E		S	H	I	N
S	H	E	A	T	H	E		E	V	I	D	E	N	T
	E		T		A	E	R	I	E		E		A	
F	A	C	E	T		L	I	D		M	E	A	N	T
A	D	O	R	E	D		S		M	E	D	L	E	Y
T		M		R	O	I	S	T	E	R		T		R
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L	E	A	V	E		A	L	L		T	A	R	E	S
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P	O	S	Y		T	E	I	G	N		R	Y	O	T

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle published in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 34.

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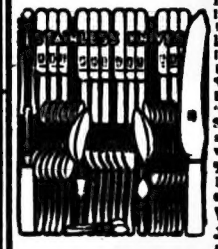

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A.B.C. GUIDE to Remnant and Drapery Trade free. Worth pounds, valuable hints. Make money selling Prints, Towels, Tabling, Travellers' Samples, etc. Send p.c. to-day for Catalogue and full particulars.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 3, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

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DRAPERY (Wholesale), all descriptions, also remnants, parcels from £1. List free. — H. Clegg (Dept. B.), High Street, Manchester.

GOOD SELLING LINES in all classes of Drapery. Goods for Beginners. Marketmen, Retailers, from S. Mosco (Dept. J.B.), 8, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester. Write for Illustrated Catalogue free.

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"FREEMAN'S" Spare-time Agency. — See Large Advert. on page 4.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly.—Run a bed-clothing club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties. free. —Carlisle Mills Co., 11, Birstall, Leeds.

IF YOU WANT AGENTS—the kind that build for bigger and better business—try a little ad. under this heading. Men who are ever on the look-out for big opportunities, or who seek to augment their income read these ads., and you will find them keenly responsive to your offer. Send your ad. to-day to the Small Advertisements Dept., *John Bull*, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing remittance payable to Odhams Press Ltd., at the rate of 8/- per line of approximately 6 words, 3 lines minimum.

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EMPLOYMENT.

A BETTER JOB FOR THE MAN WITH BACKBONE AND GRIT.—You can make sure of a comfortable future if you decide to become a travelling Salesman, and study by postal training in your spare time under Wallace Attwood, Britain's Greatest Teacher of Salesmanship. Attwood-trained men, without previous experience "on the road," are now earning £600, £800 and £1,000 a year, in positions found for them by Wallace Attwood. After training, every student is introduced to firms of repute for a good post as Salesman. If you want to be lifted out of the rut, send postcard for book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free.—The Wallace Attwood College, 267, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. (Phone: Chancery 7526.)

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The MOTOR INDUSTRY NEEDS TRAINED MEN. Drivers, Salesmen, Demonstrators, Mechanics, Chauffeur-Mechanics and Fitters. Let the British School of Motoring quickly train YOU for a well-paid job. The best equipped school in London. Introductions to positions free of charge. Lowest fees.—Call or write, British School of Motoring, Ltd., Head Office, 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

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SALES REPRESENTATIVES are urgently needed. The definite offer of an actual position is guaranteed for every successful student of FIVE WEEKS' tuition in Creative Salesmanship. Previous experience not necessary. Instruction includes PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS. FEES refunded to unsuccessful students. Call or write for details.—SALESMANSHIP, LTD., 56, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

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HERE'S YOUR OPPORTUNITY. SWEETMAKING TAUGHT PROFESSIONALLY (ALL BRANCHES). IMMENSE PROFITS. Wonderful new system. No special appliances (except thermometer), kitchen utensils only. Opportunities everywhere, city or country. 2d. stamp, booklet.—LIBERTY CANDY CO., Summit House, Langham Place, Regent St., London, W.1.

EXCELLENT PROSPECTS, congenial work, good salaries are offered to Draughtsmen and Lady Tracers. A qualified engineer can train you by post. Low fees. Write P. Pitman, M.I.Mech.E., 25, Victoria St., London, S.W.1. Est. 1894.

MOTOR TUITION. Modern Methods. A highly recommended Institution, where immediate individual, practical service in Motor Tuition is given.—Automobile Institutes, Ltd., Aster House, Aldwych, Strand, W.C.2. Holborn 4714.

100 BOYS, 15-19, wanted for selected farms in Australia. Must be strong, robust and of good character. Wages 15/- and all found. Passages advanced, welfare provided.—Write or call, 0/8, Church Army, 55, Bryanston St., W.1.

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DO YOU LOVE A BARGAIN? If so, send for a free copy of "The Bazaar, Exchange and Mart." Thousands of amazing Bargains offered privately! See below.

WATERPROOF COVERS. OILED and dressed, same material as railway sheets, fitted with eyelets and lashes. 12 ft. by 9 ft., 15/-; 15 ft. by 9 ft., 18/9; 18 ft. by 12 ft., 30/-; 19 ft. by 16 ft., 42/6. Any size supplied at 1/3 square yard. Send for List free.—GASSON AND SONS, Rye, Sussex. 'Phone: 34.

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XMAS Party Novelties, Fancy Hats, Balloons, etc Have some for your party or dance. Lists free.—"Uneedus," Arundel St., Portsmouth.

DANCE Novelties, hats, decorations, mascots, flowers, garlands, balloons, spl. prices. Lists free. —Watkins Provider Junr., 48, High St., Newport, Mon.

ARMY SURPLUS BARGAINS for mechanics' wear. Boots from 5/-; Trousers, 4/6; Breeches, 5/9; Shirts, 2/11. Send for 20-page cat. of over 200 Govt. Bgns.—Nuttall, 1, Goodmayes, London.

THE Wonderful Acrobatic Doll is the most remarkable novelty of the season. Can be placed in any position which the human body is capable of. See advt. on opp. page.

BE POPULAR. Buy "The Book of Fun," 2/6 and "Brain Teasers," 2/6 from any bookseller. John Hamilton, Ltd., 2, Portsmouth St., W.C.2.

YOU can spend an enjoyable evening at home on a Riley Billiard Table. A postcard will bring post free illustrated price list.—Messrs. E. J. Riley, Ltd., Anson Works, Accrington.

A Mail-order Marvel

The numerous unsolicited testimonials received from satisfied customers testify to the undoubted superiority and amazing value of "Fullotones." A Derby customer writes: "*My 'Fullotone' has cost me only 2d. for four years' hard wear.*"

That is one of the many good points of "Fullotones"—they remain in excellent condition for years with little or no attention and at their low price are surely "A mail-order marvel."

Remember that we save you all middleman's and big shop profits by our "direct from workman's bench to Parlour policy."

Model No. 19.—Specification.

Artistic Jacobean Cabinet of selected Oak fitted with powerful Motor, plays three records at one winding; perfected Fullotone Sound-box. Extra pure tone and enormous volume. All 1927 improvements. Holds 100 records.

BRITISH THROUGHOUT.

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CARR. PAID U.K.

or £1 down and 11 monthly instalments of 11/10.

BIG LIST FREE

Send right away for our illustrated catalogue of 20 high grade models to choose from. You can have any model on very easy terms.

THE CABINET GRAMOPHONE CO. (Dept. J.B. 37), 73, CAMDEN ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1.

'Phone: North 2355.

***Also 149, High Street (N.), East Ham.* Open daily till 8 p.m., Saturdays till 9 p.m., Thursdays till 1 p.m.**

Can also be seen at The B.P.Co., 9, Byres Road, Partick, Glasgow, and The Service Co., Ltd., 289, High Holborn, W.C.2.

FULLOTONE

REG'D

The Gramophone of Amazing Value!

SEND TO-DAY for free specimen copy of "The Bazaar, Exchange and Mart," the private bargain weekly.—J. B. Burt, 54, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4. A p.c. will do.

CHINA for Households, Churches, Schools, Institutions, Caterers, at Factory prices. 21 years' reputation; catalogue free.—Century Pottery, Ltd., Dept. 120, Burslem, Staffs. Est. 1903.

BEACON OILSKINS KEEP YOU DRY FOR LITTLE MONEY. Men's Coats from 15/6. Leggings 5/-. Send for 100-page Beacon Catalogue to-day and laugh at wet.—Barbours, Ltd., 67, Beacon Buildings, South Shields.

USEFUL PRESENTS. GOVERNMENT CLOTHING, ETC. Army Boots 10/6, 12/6; Socks 1/3; Cord Breeches 10/6, 12/6; Leggins 4/6, 7/6; Grey Shirts 6/-; Oilskin Suits 12/6, 21/-; Various Capes and Coats; Horses Loin Cloths 5/6; Rubber Boots, all kinds; Blankets 4/6; Rubber Sheets, 5 ft. by 3 ft., 6/-; Overcoats 15/6. Carr. Paid. Satisfaction guaranteed.—GASSON & SONS, Rye. Established 126 years.

MACKINTOSH, 10/6 Boys' and Girls'; 14/6 Ladies' and Gent's, Navy and Fawn Check back. Heavyweight. Guaranteed stormproof. Send chest measurement and height with P.O. Immediate delivery, carriage paid.—Essell Trading Co. (Dept. 8), 77, The Vale, London, N.W.11

BUILD a £40 GRAMOPHONE FOR 40/- with BURT parts. Catalogue Free.—B. C. Burt and Co., 366, York Road, S.W.18.

ENTIRELY NEW Collars. No rubber, no celluloid, honest woven material. All styles, 2/6 doz. post free. Sample collar and list 4½d. Satisfaction Guaranteed.—Peachey, Fisher & Co., 9, Westgate, Gloucester.

AN ideal gift is a Terry Spring Seat Saddle. It is something very much out of the ordinary. List post free from Messrs. Herbert Terry & Sons, Ltd., Redditch, Eng.

DRESS.

BABY'S 75-Article Layette, 30/-. Robes, Gowns, Robeslips, Nightles, Vests, Shawls, Matinee Coats, Barras, Towels, Napkins, etc. Home-made, Genuine Bargain. Send 2/6 pcl. appro.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

LADIES interested in frock bargains will find the offer of Messrs. Ambrose Wilson, Ltd., on page 26 interesting.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

WANT to join the Police? Study at home to pass Educational test.—Write, Secretary, Force Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

POLICE ENTRANCE EXAMINATION. Expert tuition. Low fees.—Write Service Correspondence College, NEWBURY.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 27/6; motors, 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

ACCORDIONS, Jazz Instruments, Violins, Banjos, Mandolines. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Chambs., South St., London, E.C.2.

ACCORDIONS.—Moore's Royal Standard and Triumph Models, large selection. List on application.—Alfred Moore, Ltd., 9, Manchester Road, Bradford.

ACCORDIONS, GENUINE ITALIANS.—List free.—The Premium Co., 115, Corporation Rd., Middlesbrough.

JAZZ OUTFITS, Banjos, Ukuleles, Saxophones, Mandolines, Violins, Accordeons, Gramophones. Lists Free.—Palmers', 135, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

SAVE all middleman's and big shop profits by writing for the big free list of Gramophones. Prices to suit all pockets.—The Cabinet Gramophone Co. (Dept. J.B.37), 73, Camden Road, London, N.W.1.

WIRELESS.

WORTH POUNDS! Our Illustrated bargain list is free. Easy payments to suit your pocket.—World's Wireless Stores, Wallington.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with cages from 50/-. Singing Canaries 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

LIFE'S GREAT HANDICAP—ILL-HEALTH. Try ENERGOT. YOU LOSE STOMACH Trouble, Worry, Nerves, Constipation, Rheumatism, Insomnia. GAIN a perfect brain in a perfect body. Money back if they fail. Month's course, 1/6.—Energot, 12, Bessborough Gardens, S.W.1.

RUPTURE.—Free Trial wonderful new scientific treatment. Instant relief. Stops Truss torture. No springs, lumpy or hard pads, no need for restraint. Call or write now for booklet "A" and full particulars.—Le Brasseur Surgical Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.F.), 12, Mortimer St., London, W.1. (Birmingham Branch: 90, Worcester Street. Works: Passy, Paris.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself, you can cure yourself (or your child). Parties free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4

NEW LIFE TO WEARY, WORN-OUT NERVES.—To prove the value of "Probyn Nutrient," which is guaranteed to restore health, strength and lost vitality to every nerve sufferer, we will send a TRIAL SUPPLY ABSOLUTELY FREE.—B. E. Probyn Laboratories, 116, Pirbright Road, Southfields, London.

BLADDER Weakness quickly cured by Parker's Remedy, 3/- bot., at all branches Boots', Timothy White's and Taylor's Drug Stores, or post free Parker Remedy Co., 18, James St., Liverpool. Send 4d. stamps for sample.

NERVES OF IRON.—Nerve Specialist's guaranteed treatment for Neurasthenia, In omnia, Lost Vitality, Weakness, etc. POTENTOL ends all nerve disorders. Booklet free.—Orde & Co., New address, 40, Regent House, Regent St., W.1.

FOR CHAPPED HANDS, rough skin, use Sheppey's MEL ROSE tablets, only 2d. Sold by chemists, oilmen, general dealers. Relief guaranteed, beautifies the skin

RHEUMATISM, GOUT & SCIATICA.—Try the great Lincolnshire remedy, famous for 50 years. Althorp's Gout and Rheumatic Pills, 3/-, post paid.—Battles, Chemists, Lincoln

BALDNESS CURED. "ATEKA" GROWS NEW HAIR in 8 days. Stops Hair falling out. Analysed by *John Bull*, 5/- bott.—Ateka Co., 27, Old Jewry, Ldn., E.C.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

HIGHEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Coins, etc. Nothing too large, nothing too small. Post or call.—Benson's, 333, Oxford St., London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Rd., Leeds.

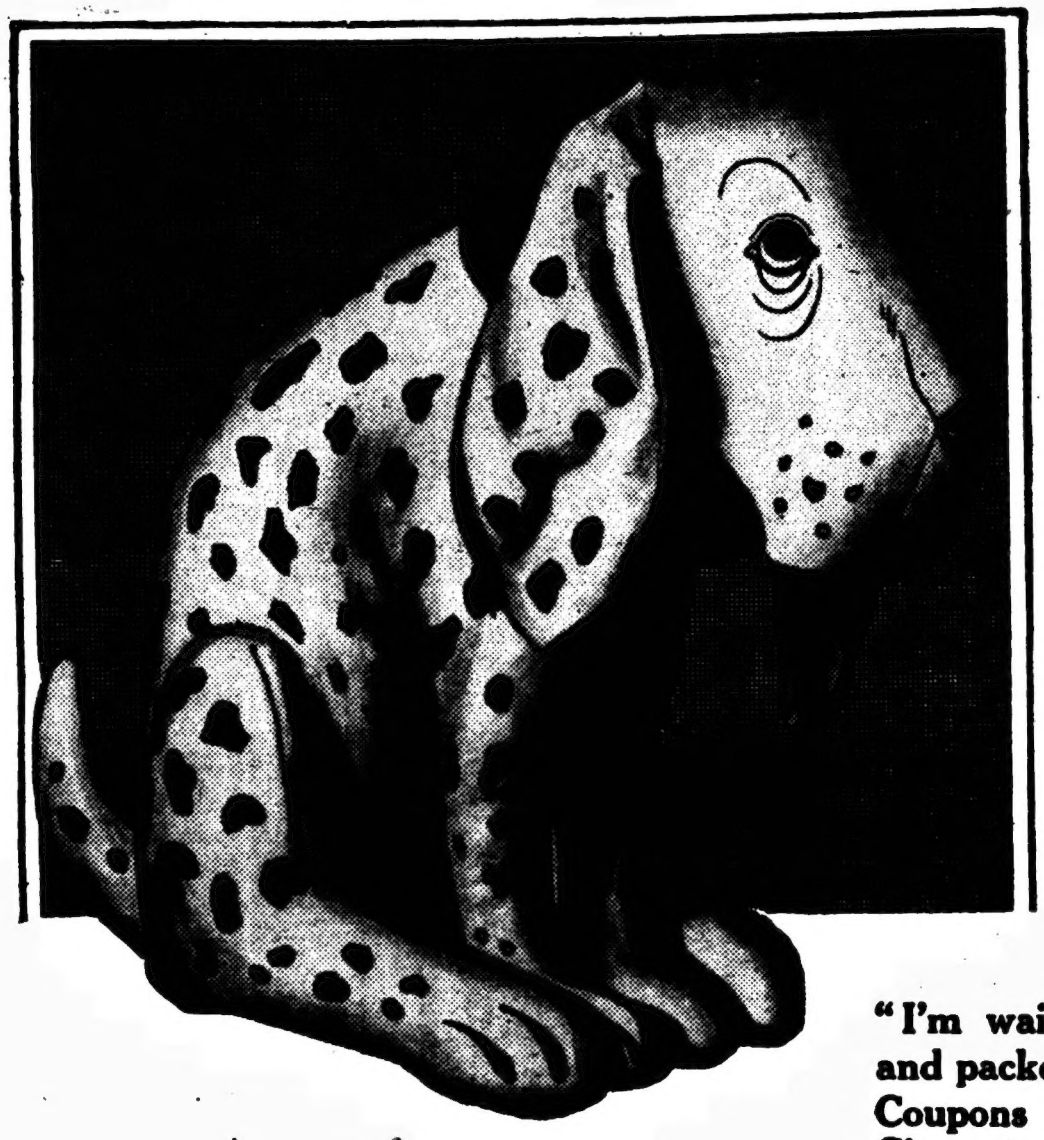
MISCELLANEOUS.

64-PAGE book about herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—TRIMNELL, The Herbalist, 144, Richmond Rd., Cardiff. Est. 1879.

AEROPLANE, flies 500 yds. and loops the loop, 3/9, post paid. Two 8/3.—Bristol Model Aeroplane Depot, Eastville, Bristol.

INNOCENCE DEBAUCHED.—The ravished virginity of English girlhood. Crimes that go unpunished. Terrible revelations. See T. Bowen Partington's amazing exposures in this week's "HEALTH & STRENGTH." 3d. all nests., or 4d. p.f. from J. B. Burt, 54, Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

FILL in the coupon on page 20 for a free sample of Bragg's Charcoal Biscuits. Enclose 2 penny stamps to pay half the postage.



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Dismal Desmond FREE!

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ONLY ONE OF THESE SIGNED COUPONS WILL BE ACCEPTED.

Week ending Saturday, Dec. 18, 1926. Twopence. Vol. XL. No. 1070.

JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun never Sets.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9870.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

Small Change Only.

The Home Secretary's need of a rest, coupled with the filling of two minor Ministerial vacancies, has set the clubs as usual speculating about "Cabinet changes." The thing to note is that this Cabinet is afraid of *any* change.

The Easy Way.

"Leave everything alone and leave us alone" is the feeling in Downing Street. "Reconstruction," once a national slogan, has disappeared from the Ministerial vocabulary.

Short Commons.

The Parliamentary year just ending is not one of which our legislators can be proud. It's no use their blaming the coal stoppage. For precisely on that matter Government and Parliament, when they had the chance, failed to do the one thing worth doing—prevent it.

That Bag Trick.

Of course, terrifying piles of Parliamentary papers can be stacked in the window. But that's not "delivering the goods." The Westminster shop, like the grocers, must sell by net weight.

Left to the Last.

The most urgent of all this year's Bills—against short weight in food shops—tumbled into the Commons in the last week or two, with no time to tighten it up. The dishonest trader hasn't a friend, but the difficulty is to corner him. The measure leaves too many rat holes unstopped.

Black Diamonds.

Retailed coal is still too dear. It jumped up at a bound, so why come down with a crawl? Cheap coal and cheap bread help to make a contented people. At present we have neither.

The "Famine."

Shortage of railway trucks is again throwing idle miners in the Cannock Chase and Manchester areas. Explanations are flying about in order to fix blame. Short-sighted preparation for the end of the coal stoppage is the real explanation together with blatant profiteering.

Another Sham.

The waste of the nation's fuel resources calls for national action. The Fuel and Power Committee proposed by the Coal Commission was to be a business body able to do something. The Committee the Government has set up has as little chance of doing anything as the Food Council.

Pushing Along.

The Electricity Bill passed its report stage in the House of Lords without mutilation. Now for the Statute Book. With a flood of electricity we may make 1927 a really bright New Year.

Nature Helping.

A new coal seam has been struck at Ystalyfera in Swansea Valley. That means work for 300 men. Not a lot, but every little helps.

The Tragedy.

Between ten and twelve thousand Cheshire miners have not yet been able to resume work, and little relief seems likely. Warm hearts must open purse-strings wide this Christmas. There are more men involved in this trouble than ever helped to start it.

The Woman's Way.

Mrs. Baldwin appeals for more general establishment of child welfare clinics throughout the country. It is the practical suggestion of a mother. Let it be followed.

Public Spirit.

Manchester churches are uniting to provide cheap houses for the poor and needy. Twenty-four are already going up. That's practical Christianity. Let's have more of it.

The Register of Sadness.

On November 29 the number of unemployed persons had dropped in one week by 18,000, but it was still 330,825 more than a year ago. With all the work there is waiting to be done there's no need for any able-bodied man to be unemployed at all. Idle men spell legislative laziness.

Dismal Figures.

Unemployment amounts to 13.6 per cent. of insured workers. Poor Law relief is being paid to 5.89 per cent. of the population. It's time something was done to bring a drastic change. If the Government won't wake up it must be awakened.

T'Lancashire Lot.

Cotton operatives have the prospect of earning £14,000,000 a year more by increased working hours. Cotton goods are being offered at competitive prices in foreign markets and a new flow of trade is expected. Prospects all round in mill-land are brightening.

Our Shipyards.

Oil tankers representing 170,000 tons, more than 80,000 tons of steamers and a new White Star passenger liner are among other orders placed in Britain. What's more to the point, there's work waiting for every vessel.

Crowded Docks.

Big consignments of wheat, sugar, rice, tea, timber and other commodities await shipment at nearly every port. There's a brisk time ahead. To forget past squabbles and take full advantage of the tide is every man's duty.

200 "BULLETS" HAMPERS

Your Last Chance
—to win a fine big Hamper this week. A feast of good things for a few words.
See page 35.

Convalescent.

The truth is that all our big industries are picking up again. Blast furnaces are starting all over the North, and workshops are beginning to run full time. There's a crack showing in the door of opportunity. Unity and willingness can push it wide open to prosperity.

All-round Smiles.

When the clang of hammer on steel rings out again men think of wages and employers of profits. Women, listening, dream of empty cupboards filling up again, and for little feet sadly needing them new shoes and stockings.

Bring it Down.

Meat of various grades could be sold from 1d. to 3½d. per lb. cheaper and still leave a 20 per cent. margin on cost. A big lot of profit and no feeling at all for the poor—that sums up the story of to-day's meat dealing.

No Delay, Please.

Attempts are still being made to postpone the working of Public Health (Preservatives in Food) Regulations. The Ministry of Health must ignore them. Pure food is a national necessity. We've waited for it too long already.

Ministerial Mysteries.

The Ministry of Agriculture "has not the slightest intention of being drastic" in administering the pure milk order. Why? There's poison in a dirty milk can. Laxity, in such a matter, is scandalous.

Progress.

A circular will shortly be issued to the police authorities to ensure a sufficient number of policewomen being appointed. That's to the good. It's a reform we've always advocated.

The Pity of It.

Of six submarines ordered by the Admiralty five are placed with private firms, and one only to be built in a Government yard. The facts shout aloud. It's the profit on armaments that makes their reduction difficult.

The Bread Dance.

The Food Council asks why Bournemouth bakers charge 1d. per loaf above prices in other districts. We ask why flour jumps up and down in the winter time. Gambling in the people's food is always reprehensible. In bread, it's downright wicked.

Trying it on the Kids.

Six hundred children in Glasgow are to test the relative value of biscuits and milk as a dietary. We plump for both. Plain food of all kinds and plenty of it is what children should have.

Work for Wallsend.

Messrs. Swan and Hunter, shipbuilders, of Wallsend, have had to reopen their Weir yard as they have too much work for those upon the Tyne. Since shipping is a reliable trade barometer, this sign is highly encouraging.

Motor-ship Contracts.

In two months contracts have been given for motor-ships with a carrying capacity of 430,000 tons to British yards. The demand for this class of vessel is an ever-growing one, hence we have every justification for optimism.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

A Rogue's Deserts.

In 1921 Philip Ross, a miner, was sentenced to five years for assaulting a woman. Now, at the West Riding Assizes, held at Leeds, he was sent to jail for nine years for a savage attack upon a young girl, Mabel Atkin. Mr Justice McCardie is to be congratulated in that he has rendered women safe from this fellow for so long.

Tragic Carelessness.

At an inquest held on an eleven-weeks-old baby at Pensnett, Staffordshire, the coroner remarked that it was the fourth enquiry he had held on children who had been overlain in less than a month. A large proportion of such tragedies are the result of overcrowding, and it is time a serious effort was made to cope with this evil.

The Singapore Folly.

It is officially announced that, at a secret meeting of the Imperial Conference, the Prime Ministers of Australia and New Zealand stated that the question of contributing to the cost of the new Singapore base must be for the decision of their respective Governments. Naturally. It is one thing to shout approval of such schemes, and another to foot the bill.

Departmental Dallying.

In a case heard before Mr. Justice Mackinnon in the King's Bench Division, complaint was made regarding the Admiralty's delay in replying to correspondence. Mr. Singleton, K.C., asserted that he knew of one man who had to wait a year for an answer to a letter. Were a private concern to conduct business on like lines it would be in the Bankruptcy Court inside a week.

Christmas in the Workhouse.

Male inmates of the Worcester workhouse are to have two pints, and the women a pint, of beer on Christmas Day. The gift will be the more welcome from its having been granted without niggardly objection from mean-spirited guardians. It is little that can be done to brighten the lives of these old people, and Christmas is the time to do it in a glad and generous way.

What's in a Name?

There's a good deal in a name according to Mr. Moore Hogarth, president of the College of Pestology. He wishes the common housefly to be known in future as "musca mortis," vulgarly the death fly. The general public has not yet become alive to the terrible nature of this pest on and about food. In America it is known as the typhoid fly. That's plain horse sense.

Extortionate Profits.

The Food Council's latest report on meat prices reveals the fact that the poorest consumers, as usual, are the worst sufferers from unchecked profiteering. In the Smithfield list for September last, Argentine beef, the principal meat food in working-class homes, was priced at a figure allowing the butchers a gross profit of 60.6 per cent. Such extortion is abominable.

The People's Health.

Our medical contemporary, the *Lancet*, comments in these sensible terms on Sir George Newman's recent report on the health of school-children: "Personal health, often made possible by higher wages and easier conditions, will go far to promote the material efficiency which ought to give children of the next generation a better start." Remember, it is not the politician, but the physician, speaking. He knows.

A Master Tyrant.

Just two hungry little kiddies they were, sons of a miner, and scholars at Hedley Hope Council School, where John Towers is headmaster. Not a penny piece had their father drawn for a fortnight, and when the bairns presented themselves at the school canteen they were given breakfast and also dinner. But when Towers heard of this he punished them with a cane for disobeying orders, causing them to suffer more, probably, than he did when the Lanchester (Durham) magistrates fined him 40s. and costs.

Taking Trouble Calmly.

The roar of an explosion interrupted the mid-day meal of Mr. and Mrs. Betts, and then their home, at Deal, began to fall in on them. Husband and wife climbed out of the ruins into safety. "Never mind, my dear, although our home has gone we are still alive, thank God!" said Mr. Betts, comforting his wife. Mr. Betts is the type of stout-hearted Briton who faces unexpected troubles with a pluck nothing can daunt.

To Banish War.

It is a significant thing to see a representative group of ex-Service men, including Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy, M.P., and Major Attlee, M.P., putting their names to a manifesto denouncing "the bestiality, the agony, and the futility of war." Their sentiments will be echoed by many thousands of their countrymen who know at first-hand that modern warfare is the distilled essence of "man's inhumanity to man."

Pernicious Parentage.

At a recent conference in London delegates to the Central Association for Mental Welfare laid great stress upon the difficulty of interference with parentage by mental deficients, but scarcely enough was heard, as it seems to us, of the awful results of inaction. Not long ago the pedigree of over sixty feeble-minded persons, most of them chargeable to the rates, was officially traced to one mentally deficient couple. Such an episode shames our civilisation.

Why?

While a service was being held at Holy Trinity Church, Kilburn, Mrs. Edith Stanfield, forty-five, of Harvest Road, interrupted, and shouted out, "How dare you call me a thief?" The vicar, the Rev. R. F. Wright, admits that the woman holds an excellent character, though she is suffering from religious mania. Why then, and on whose authority, was the poor creature charged at Willesden with offensive behaviour? It seems to us that there has a been a lack of Christian charity somewhere.

The Human Machine

Life's Furniture

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

LEARN to forget! If you don't, you will never learn to remember.

There is as much skill and perseverance needed in proper forgetting as there is in good remembering.

It comes down to the development of good judgment, the acquirement of a sound sense of proportion.

In daily practical life there are any number of things that you may want to remember for a few minutes, even for a few hours, things which you will then never want to bother with again.

That's where pencil and paper come in. Your brain is too valuable to be stocked permanently with such trivialities. Write them down. When you have done with them—forget them.

MAKE up your mind as to the things that matter and remember those. Don't overload your memory with things that don't matter the toss of a button.

The furniture of life, the furniture of the mind, should be stuff that is of permanent value to you. Select it with care so that its use shall endure and its utility be ever on call.

Selection, the wise choice of the material with which one's brain is stocked, is what makes the difference between a wise man and a scatter-brained fool.

Liberty Snatchers.

A non-smokers' society has been formed to banish the "weed" as far as possible, and thus another public nuisance is about to begin. The society will do its best to introduce legislation and we shall do our best to stop it. Parliament, however, has a trick of giving cranks, provided they are noisy enough, a hearing.

Farcical "Justice."

David Brown Mackay, a twenty-four-year-old hawker living at Meadowbank Avenue, Edinburgh, was convicted of attempting to extort money from a young Scotswoman under a threat of exposing certain conduct of which he professed to have knowledge. The fellow was allowed to get away with a £5 fine or the option of thirty days' imprisonment. To punish so heinous an offence so lightly is to invite wrongdoing.

A Puzzled Coroner.

On her way to the shore to gather driftwood, a poor woman, Ellen Bradshaw, of Great Crosby, was run over. Some of her ribs were broken, her thigh and arm fractured, and she had other injuries. At the Bootle Hospital, where she was at once taken, she was not admitted. Her pulse was felt, and she was sent to another institution where she died on arrival. The coroner is at a loss to understand why she was not kept and treated at Bootle Hospital. So are we.

Farmers and Foxes.

When a Dorset farmer wrote to the Master of the Cattistock Hunt protesting that he was losing his poultry from marauding foxes, he received a soothing reply. The Master was very sorry, but could do nothing as there was "no poultry fund." He suggested enclosing fields with "bits of sacking smeared with tar" as an effective remedy, and with this free advice and the hope that the farmer would lose no more the Master concluded. Poor consolation for the farmer.

Suffer the Little Children.

An announcement in the Govan parish magazine bluntly states that, whilst the names of all baptised children are entered in the Church Baptismal Register, names are not published in the magazine if the children are born within seven months of the marriage of their parents. In other words, an entry which may be admitted to the church register cannot be allowed to sully the pages of the parish magazine! We trust that such an un-Christian notice will not appear again.

Insulting the Dead.

Instead of proper reverence being paid to the dead awaiting inquests at Formby, they are placed in a mortuary which is no better than a cart shed or stable, in a field remote from everywhere, near a sewage works. Mr. S. Brighouse, the coroner, describes the conditions as disgusting, which is mild. None of the members of the Formby Council would like to have his own dead relatives placed in the shed. Therefore they should have regard for the feelings of others.

Branding the Innocent.

A claim of Captain Hacking, Under-Secretary to the Home Office, that to allow children born in adultery to become legitimated would remove a deterrent against adultery is sheer humbug. Once the law has made legitimate the union of the parents, to deny a like recognition to the innocent offspring is a scandal. We would remind the Government that, in the strict meaning of the term, no child is ever illegitimate; if the birth be irregular, it is the parents who are.

A Bogus Writer.

Posing as Laurance Houseman, a novelist, and the son of a well-known woman theosophist of Los Angeles, William Field, a native of Greenwich, told the inhabitants of Kidderminster that he was visiting the town to get local colour for a book he was writing. In at least two cases he succeeded in obtaining money from residents, and the Chief Constable stated that he was wanted elsewhere for similar offences. If there were less credulity there would be fewer rogues.

Woman's Four-footed Friend.

Hour after hour a little dog sat in a window in Camden Road, Blackpool, showing every sign of distress. Neighbours decided to investigate, and found Mrs. Zillah Greenwood, the dog's nearly blind and widowed mistress, lying dead. The animal had been presented to the poor woman by the Society for the Blind for her help and comfort. It must have earned a place in the regard of others who appreciate the intelligence a four-footed friend can show.

Life Cheap.

Fifty pounds was the fine imposed by the Dumbarton sheriff on Messrs. D. and J. Tullis, engineers, of Clydebank, for a breach of the Factory and Workshop Act. A workman was employed painting steel girders near electric wires with the current of 440 volts still on, sufficient to kill. The man was seen by his mates in a stiff position with his hand touching the wire, and fell unconscious when the current was switched off. Fortunately, artificial respiration revived him. The sheriff's criticism of "sheer carelessness" was more than justified.

Presence of Mind.

Heartily do we congratulate Signalman Charles Ford, who, realising that a goods train from Brechin to Swansea was out of hand owing to defective brakes, diverted it on to a mineral siding, where it crashed into some empty coal wagons. But for this prompt action on the part of Ford, the goods train must inevitably have come into collision with a passenger train from Bath, and serious loss of life would have been certain. As it was, both the driver and fireman jumped clear in time. A fine example of presence of mind.

A Nice Husband.

Thomas Rogers, furnaceman, of Francis Street, Walsall, was sent to prison for two months for inflicting grievous bodily harm upon his wife. After threatening to "kill the lot of them," he threw the woman through the bedroom window. Though she had previously signed a statement that the act was deliberate, at the trial she tried to shield the brute by stating that she remembered nothing till she found herself at the hospital. Evidently the life of a wife is not rated highly in Walsall, or a more exemplary sentence would have been passed.

In Liberty Land.

"Really shocking and awful" was how the Tottenham Police Court magistrate described the conditions under which a woman, summoned for non-attendance at school of two of her children, was living. The babe in her arms was her eighteenth. Some were in lodgings, but she and her husband and eight of the children lived in an old caravan divided into two portions. Those who decry birth control and believe in the liberty of ignorance (for others) should have their attention called to this case.

Their Daily Risk.

Three men, all married and young, have been killed by a fall of rock at Berryhill Colliery, near Stoke-on-Trent. Three miners at Vauxhall pit, near Ruabon, have been crushed into by runaway tubs; Richard Roberts is dead and his two mates are suffering from injuries. By the crashing of a pit cage eight miners at Williamthorpe Colliery, Chesterfield, had their legs broken and escaped, by a miracle, from horrible death. So goes the story, day by day, of the coal-mines. Who can deny that the men who go down into the pits have a right to a living wage and a good one?

"You Must Not Mix."

Councillor Dennington, of East Ham, along with fellow-sinners Councillors J. Brooks and E. H. Thompson, are in deep disgrace. The three have been haled before the local trades council to explain their conduct. Their fault? Merely that they attended the stone-laying ceremony at the Memorial Hospital performed by the Duke and Duchess of York. "You must not mix with Royalty" was the order. As those who believe in the possibility of every man, woman and child working together for the common weal, we forebear comment. The bare facts say quite enough!

Readers, Beware!

A man calling himself George Wall has been writing to JOHN BULL readers from an address in Victoria Street, Westminster, advising them that they have been awarded a Christmas Hamper which he will forward to them on receipt of 4s. The whole thing is a blatant swindle and our readers are warned on no account to send him any money.

What About That £3,000?

Colonel Harry Day, M.P., has raised in the House of Commons the matter of the £3,000 loss on the whist drive championship organised by the National Institute for the Blind. The Home Secretary "knows nothing of it." Yet the facts are before the world to look at. The receipts were £58,488 and the expenditure £61,646. Colonel Day is not alone in thinking there should be an enquiry. The figures cry out for it.

An "Empty" Offer.

In response to an advertisement a London reader sent 5s. to Edward Lowe, of High Street, Stratford, E., for 100 tarred road blocks for firewood. As she heard nothing more she communicated with us and we wrote to Edward Lowe for an explanation. Our letter was ignored, but a subsequent reminder has been returned bearing the inscription: "Undeliverable, box unsafe—empty premises." It seems a Lowe-down trick.

"Good Wages" for a Bad Job.

An advertisement recently announced that lady collectors were wanted for a hospital, and held out the offer of "good wages." Applicants were requested to write to 25, Battersea Park Road, S.W. This is the address of the notorious "Poor Children's Welfare Centre," which has constantly been criticised in these columns. Pamphlets before us show that the Christmas campaign is in full swing, so both the public and job-seekers should be on their guard.

Charity Scheme's "Special Offer."

A "special offer to charity supporters" is being made by "The Manager, Word-Building Competition No. 2," York Place, Leeds. Supporters of hospitals and other charities are asked to sell sixpenny tickets and to send in 50 per cent. of their takings direct to any charity they choose. As no names of officials connected with this scheme appear on the printed matter, we would urge the charitably disposed to make the fullest enquiries before taking any hand in this proposition.

Eminent Touring Quacks.

News reaches us to the effect that a person named M. Gibson, who styles himself "the eminent London Specialist," has recently visited Stirling, where he has been holding consultations at the Station Hotel. A few months back M. Gibson was at the Feathers Hotel, Basingstoke. He affects to cure deafness without appliances, diseases without drugs and to correct eyesight without glasses. Travelling quacks of this sort should be shunned.

Too Big a Job.

At an inquest held on Mrs. Emily Green, a seventy-two-year-old widow of Fourth Avenue, Bordesley Green, who climbed a three feet wire guard and fell over the banister, it was stated that there were only three nurses to take charge of 160 patients at Erdington House. The coroner remarked that he was not complaining, though he would like the guardians to consider if the provision was dequate. We *are* complaining. So small a staff, however devoted, is insufficient to cope with the work.

OUR CHRISTMAS GIFT TO YOU

Your Last Chance before Christmas.

See page 2.

Prob'ems of Life

Pluck and Comradeship

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

IT is pleasant to read in the newly published letters of Joseph Conrad how much he was helped by the advice and encouragement of three brother authors, Messrs. Galsworthy, Bennett and Wells.

The late Joseph Conrad

Here was a rugged-looking Polish sailor who at nineteen years of age did not know a word of English, and, when he began to learn, first heard it pronounced by fishermen on the East Coast.

Not a very promising start, one would think, for a person who was destined to become one of the greatest masters of a beautiful English prose style.

I know a similar case. Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the eminent Hindu writer whose charming allegories are now classics of their kind, once told me that he, too, was nineteen years old before he set himself to learn our language, of which until then he had been totally ignorant.

BUT Conrad was more severely handicapped than Tagore, and had it not been for the generous action of the eminent men above mentioned who discerned his genius, he might not have continued the struggle.

To the end of his life, although he could write English so well, he could not pronounce it properly.

He had plenty of dogged perseverance, but was not of sanguine temperament, and never attained to a serene and joyous confidence in himself and his powers.

All the more creditable, then, both to him and his friends, is the high quality of the work he was ultimately enabled to do and which has made his name famous.

It is but rarely that a man manages to do anything really great in life without someone to believe in him and put heart into him in hours of depression and self-distrust.

This is as true of the lowly and obscure as of the mighty and illustrious, perhaps more so.

WE all need a helping hand at times, not so much materially as morally.

But there are some people whom no amount of propping up will save from collapse. We all know the kind of person who is for ever complaining that he has not received his due, and who invariably attributes his failures to this lack.

The whining sort are a pest to any community—the sort that want to lean on their friends or on the public, and are ever ready with reproaches because they think too little has been done for them.

The man with a grievance meets with scant sympathy if he talks about it too much.

Respect and co-operation are won by an uncomplaining front and a quiet courage in overcoming obstacles and making losses good.

HUGE COMBINE Grave Disclosures

£6,000,000 FINANCIAL MYSTERY

A Case for Enquiry

DURING the last few months information has leaked out which discloses the most gigantic flotation scandal which the City of London has seen in this generation

The company concerned is the famous British Controlled Oilfields, Ltd., the capital of which is £9,000,000. In a report issued by the directors it is stated that not less than £6,000,000, subscribed by British investors, has been lost.

The manner of its disappearance calls for immediate enquiry by the authorities. To say that it has been lost by crazy finance is to put it mildly indeed.

The company was promoted in 1918 and for some reason which is not yet clear was registered in Canada.

Dividing the profits

The promoters were Mr. Duncan Elliott Alves, Mr. Alfred Thomas Teniers, and Messrs. Sperling and Co., the merchant bankers, of whom, as is well known in financial circles, Sir Edward Mackay Edgar is a partner.

After a short interval, these three gentlemen became directors, having three colleagues, two of whom were Canadians. Subsequently, changes were made on the board, leaving Messrs. Alves and Teniers and Sperling and Co. in virtual control over the company's affairs.

How did they exercise that control? With the capital at their disposal they set about to acquire various properties in Central America, which were alleged to be oil-bearing.

A number of syndicates was formed which they controlled, for the purpose of obtaining concessions.

The syndicates, having paid for the concessions with their own money, proceeded to sell them to Sperling and Co., who in turn disposed of them to the British Controlled Oilfields, Ltd., the profits obtained being divided between Messrs. Sperling, Alves and Teniers.

They were the vendors and they were also the purchasers.

Colney Hatch finance

The results of this method of business, by which, as members of the syndicate, they dealt with themselves as directors of British Controlled Oilfields, Ltd., are interesting.

According to the directors' report issued recently, and to which we shall refer later, the only substantial property of proved value acquired was an oilfield known as the Buchivacoa concession in Venezuela, which does contain oil of high quality.

There was also a property bought from the Peruvian syndicate which was disposed of in Canada for £10,500.

The others, consisting of the Costa Rica Syndicate, the Ecuador Syndicate, the British Guiana Syndicate, the Colombia Syndicate, the Guatemala Syndicate, the Nicaragua Syndicate, the Panama Syndicate, the Salvador and Honduras Syndicate, have not so far been of any proven value.

Assuming that the concessions in Central America were not only believed to be valuable, but were in fact valuable and worth some sum approximating that which was paid, the position is a remarkable one.

The business methods pursued, putting the best possible construction upon them, can only be described as Colney Hatch finance.

An astounding feature

Take, for example, the Costa Rica and Ecuador concessions, which between them cost the British Con-

Lord Buckmaster, who was called in on behalf of the shareholders of the British Controlled Oilfields, Ltd., and whose report was of a damning character

trolled Oilfields, Ltd., something in the neighbourhood of £4,000,000.

The former was ultimately declared to be invalid in law, while it is not clear that the legal right to prospect for oil in Ecuador was ever actually secured.

One thing we can say is that the skill of those responsible for the publicity given to the British Controlled Oilfields, Ltd., was brilliant in the extreme.

The astonishing thing is that the victims were for the most part shrewd, level-headed business men and were not what is unually known as the "small investor."

Bankers, merchants, society people acting under the advice of experts, politicians "in the know" were all victims. A remarkable feature is that until quite recently the shareholders have had no voice in the management of the company's affairs.

In 1920 a voting trust was constituted, to act on behalf of the shareholders. Mr. Alves, who was then president, Mr. Teniers and Sir Edward Edgar were members of the voting trust, and the Rt. Hon. E. G. Pretyman and Sir William Mercer, K.C.M.G., one of the Crown Agents for the Colonies, consented to join the trust "entirely in the national interests."

Neither of these two gentlemen had any financial interest in the corporation, but in view of the patriotic motives which were continually being put forward that it was essential that there should be some big oil combine in this country, free from American and other foreign influences, they readily agreed to give their services.

An act of patriotism

Here is an instance of the sort of thing published in the newspapers in support of the policy of the "British Controlled Oilfields, Limited," in 1920.

"That all oil produced shall in the first instance be available for British consumers in the Mother Country and the Dominions, the sponsors of this very important venture, especially the president, Mr. D. Elliott Alves, have displayed far-seeing patriotism and have effectively taken steps to prevent a shortage of Imperial oil supplies in the future.

"In a few years' time when the properties controlled have begun to produce on a considerable scale, the national benefits of securing and retaining control over the oil production of the vast areas acquired by the Corporation, should be plainly demonstrated."

To buy the company's shares was not only a good investment. It was an act of patriotism!

It happened that in 1925, seven years after the formation of the company, a dispute arose which ended in the appointment of an entirely new board of directors.

This board consisted of Lord Buckmaster (president), Mr. J. W. Dennis (vice-president), Major Sir Richard Barnett, M.P., Sir F. J. Barthorpe, Mr. George Du Cros, Sir Frederick Eley and Lt.-Col. H. E. Medlicott, D.S.O.

By this time of course the damage had been done, but it was not long before Lord Buckmaster's Board of the British Controlled Oilfields, Ltd., placed before the shareholders the fullest information.

After a long and thorough investigation, a report was issued a few weeks ago. That report was damning.

"The last report," it opened, "of the late directors of this company ended with the statement that the circumstances therein narrated showed that the stage was set for a prosperous future.

Lifting the curtain

"We are now in a position to raise the curtain . . . ."

The raising of the curtain revealed a tragic state of affairs. It appeared that "the only area of proved value" was the Buchivacoa concession, which at the present was "one of indeterminate possibilities."

"From the most careful examination," the report concluded, "it appears that about 30,000,000 dollars of the capital of the company has been lost."

"Lost" is a mild way of putting it. When £6,000,000 has been "lost" in the manner we have indicated, it is the duty of the authorities to intervene with a view to searching enquiry.

Impudence Indeed!

A Bogus Builder's Tales

FOR sheer impudence it would be difficult to equal the fairy stories of a person named William Robinson, who has been trading at Blackpool as "White and Company." Robinson described himself as a builder and contractor, investment broker, and land and estate agent.

Last August a lady called at his office to see whether she could obtain apartments through the agency of White and Co. She was received by Mr. Robinson, who was most cordial and obliging.

He could find his fair client plenty of nice apartments, he declared, but why should she pay £1 a week for rooms when he himself had built some of the best houses in Blackpool?

Mr. Robinson assured her that he could let her have one of his newly erected houses at the modest rental of 15s. a week, plus 1s. 3d. for sewerage and road-making.

The first necessity

Mr. Robinson mentioned that it would be necessary to deposit £20, but that it would be possible to get an £80 subsidy from the corporation.

"You will have nothing else to pay except 16s. 3d. a week," he reassured her, adding that it would be one of the cheapest houses in Blackpool.

At a subsequent interview, when the lady explained that she wanted the house for her daughter, the subject of furnishing was mentioned.

Mr. Robinson had furniture in his auction-rooms, he declared, and could fix his client's daughter up with as much as she wanted for 5s. a week.

Mr. Robinson next arranged for mother and daughter to look over "one of his houses," saying that if they liked it he could erect a similar one on a specified site.

The outcome was that the lady handed over a cheque for £20 by way of deposit, and both she and her daughter waited patiently.

Tall talk

Time passed, and when Robinson was remonstrated with, he declared that he had already paid out £500 for land, £300 for timber, and £350 for bricks!

Airy talk of this sort pacified his clients for the time being, but eventually it became clear that they had been just a little too gullible, and that their only means of redress was to take the matter to court.

In due course Robinson was charged at Blackpool Police Court with obtaining money by false pretences, in two instances. During the proceedings it was stated that the house he had shown clients over was not his at all, and he had never purchased any land on the site in question.

After a brief retirement the Bench found the case fully proved against him, and Robinson will have his own housing problem solved for the next nine months!

A Beastly Doctor

A Disgraceful Decision

JUSTICE tempered with mercy is a fine thing, but if the mercy is overdone it becomes nothing more than an abuse of a sacred principle.

Dr. Arthur Littleton Tate appeared before the Woodbridge (Suffolk) Bench a few weeks ago on a charge of indecently assaulting a little girl of twelve, a labourer's daughter.

The prosecution was instituted by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

A hush-up appeal

The doctor had attended the family for some years and, as prosecuting counsel put it, in spite of the difference in the social position of the parties concerned, he kept up the acquaintance.

He used to take the little girl to the pictures once a week, but was also seen taking her to a quiet place on the marshes, as a result of which the charge was brought.

The father requested the doctor to come round to his house and explain himself. In the hearing of two police inspectors who were in a back room, the doctor confessed his guilt and appealed for the matter to be hushed up. In court he pleaded guilty to the charge.

Defending counsel asked for leniency on the grounds that the accused had already suffered terribly from the offence.

He was seventy-three years of age; his wife was a few years older and was in a delicate state of health; he had a grown-up family and he had for years been associated with the town. His anxiety was for the future.

Justice degraded

The Bench, after a long absence returned, and the chairman, describing the charge as shameful, said that they felt that any punishment they could impose could not be so great as that Tate had already imposed on himself in pleading guilty!

After mentioning that they had considered the various circumstances mentioned in the plea for leniency, and the likelihood of the doctor losing his means of livelihood, they bound him over for three years, during which he must reside outside an eight-mile radius of Woodbridge.

We do not consider there were extenuating circumstances to warrant such leniency in a case of this kind, and in view of the absence of any defence we think the Bench would have been justified had the maximum sentence been imposed.

Perhaps, as is sometimes suggested, this type of crime is a subject for mental treatment, and the criminal ought to be sent to an asylum rather than to a prison. *But he ought to be sent somewhere!*

It is outrageous that one who has disgraced a noble profession, and by his bestiality and unnatural action polluted the innocence of a little child, should escape any sort of punishment whatever.

DEMON BARBER'S VICTIMS

SWEENEY WHITELEY'S GIRTON GET-AWAY

A Hair-raising Chiropodist

A NEW "demon barber" has arisen in our midst. He is a polished person, as befits an age which, with early closing regulations and speedy means of restraint for the abnormal, would make life frankly impossible for any reincarnated "Sweeney Tod."

Razors and the more deadly implements of the art he eschews, confining himself, more or less, to the gentle field of Marcel waving.

His professed ambition is not only to wield the curling-tongs with his own hands, but, by equipping a large body of women with the skill which he himself claims to possess, to make British beauty more beautiful.

"Refined, educated young ladies," we learn from numerous advertisements published by the "Demon" himself, are wanted as "ladies' hairdressers and beauty specialists in every part of the country."

Principals in plenty

For particulars they must apply to the "Girton Beauty and Health Academy," Braithwaite Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham, where "day and evening classes are now in operation."

Applicants for this attractive profession learn, on corresponding with the academy, that there are at their service half a dozen "principals," each specialising in a branch of the art of beauty-making.

There is a principal for "Permanent Waving," another for "Health and Health Culture," and so on.

But the most interesting among them all, as we shall presently show, is a certain John Whiteley, whose special department is "Chiropody and Orthopædic Surgery," and who is apparently the principal principal.

He it is who signs the correspondence, adding to his signature the letters "D.S.C." and describing himself as a "graduate of Georgetown University, U.S.A."

Whiteley gives his personal guarantee that the academy can "procure a good post on completion of training" and also promises to grant a diploma to successful students on the completion of studies.

A poor guarantee

This diploma he describes as a "guarantee of efficiency and a recognition by the hairdressing profession throughout the United Kingdom and other countries that its students are well qualified to fill any post that may be vacant."

The fees are stiff. They range from five guineas to fifty guineas. But in view of the claims and promises made by the "Girton Beauty and Health Academy," is it any wonder if women, young and otherwise, tumble over one another to become enrolled as students?

As a result of special enquiries, we have no hesitation in advising our readers not to part with one penny piece to the Girton Academy.

We are not satisfied that the academy is either qualified to equip women for the hairdressing profession or to find them posts at the end of their course.

Six principals are mentioned, and we say nothing against five of them. But we do object most strongly to Mr. John Whiteley. He claims that his precious diploma is recognised "by the hairdressing profession throughout the United Kingdom." It is not.

A professional pest

Such bodies as the Guild of Hairdressers and the National Federation of Hairdressers emphatically disclaim him. They do not say that they have never heard of him. They have. But hardly as an honoured colleague.

Mr. D. Nicol, President of the Hairdressing and Allied Trades Exhibition recently held at Holland Park, which was supported by genuine hairdressers all over the country, who do not want in their profession an imp ster of the type criticised here

John Whiteley is a professional pest who blossoms forth from time to time as a fake beauty specialist, and who for twenty years has masqueraded under numerous aliases, including "John Le Ga'l," "John Whitley" and "John Walker."

He first came under the notice of the police as far back as 1907, when he was given a three months' course of moral culture over a transaction in worthless cheques.

He was bound over again in 1909, and a warrant was issued for his arrest a few weeks later.

Feeling, no doubt, that there were better opportunities overseas for a young man of his temperament, he absconded to America, where it is infinitely easier to become a graduate of the arts than in the old country.

A rude awakening

He was not back again until 1917, since which time he has succeeded in working several ingenious frauds, not always without retribution. For a while he dabbled in electricity, and represented a well-known London firm.

The members of the firm were, at first, delighted with the number of orders he sent, but when the time came for the accounts to be settled they discovered that Whiteley had already cashed the cheques himself.

Not long after they were attracted by an offer of business coming from Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow. One of them went North to clinch the matter and discovered that they had been negotiating with Whiteley himself, who was using the name of "Walker."

Whiteley did not wait to explain!

He next appeared at Nottingham as "Mr. John Le Gall," a moving spirit behind a beauty culture institution then opened there.

Undaunted optimism

He induced a local woman to finance the concern. She had already put money into another of his schemes called the "Terramax Company," which dealt in mechanical foot appliances.

The woman lost her money, without having had the satisfaction of either enhancing the good looks of the Nottingham ladies or of relieving the distress of the lame and afflicted. She went to the police about it.

Next appeared the "Maison Walker," of Guilford Street, London, also claiming to teach the women of England all there is to know about bingles, shingles and Marcel waves, at the comparatively modest fee of forty "bobs" a time.

Simultaneously, the "Marcel Training School" opened at an address in Piccadilly, but, as complaints accumulated at Scotland Yard, it became quite obvious that the "Demon Barber" was the moving spirit in both of them.

His plan of campaign was precisely similar to that of the present "Girton Beauty and Health Academy," an important point to those who may be tempted to enrol as students.

He promised not only to impart a high standard of efficiency, but to find posts at the end of the course. A number of women parted with their money, after which Whiteley departed with it.

Fascinating, but dangerous

He was arrested at Guilford Street, having already absconded from Sheffield, where he was previously charged, whilst allowed out on bail. Last December he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

Whiteley is a most polished and plausible person. He is always immaculately dressed, favouring, as a rule, a silk hat, morning-dress and milk-white spats.

He is a little bald on the top, perhaps, though with a mass of black hair permanently frizzed after the fashion of an Abyssinian brave.

Altogether, he is an attractive and fascinating fellow, but—do not trust him, gentle maiden!

A CHANNEL MYSTERY

BOOTING THE BRITON

A Cruel Deportation

FOR a country to be able to boast of having no unemployed is laudable indeed. But this can only be applauded when it has been done without inflicting individual hardship

THE leading article in a Guernsey newspaper recently dealt with the subject of "Stranger Poor." In unsparing language it advocated that every stranger should be shipped back to his own country as soon as he became unemployed.

"It is rumoured that stranger poor are increasingly dependent upon outdoor relief," ran the article. "There is no gainsaying the fact that every stranger employed here is taking the place of a native. . . .

"Unless some steps are taken to protect the Guernsey worker against the chance stranger, the relief may approach to the nature of the dole this winter."

And so on, much in the same vein.

Banning the Britisher

Lest there should be inclination to applaud this attitude and a feeling engendered that the same rigour should be applied here in England, it is necessary to be informed that by "stranger" the Guernsey newspaper does not necessarily mean alien. It frankly includes any Britisher who was not born and bred in the Channel Islands.

As an example of how this anti-British movement works out in practice, let us consider the case of Mr. William Augustus Weeks, now residing at Colliers Wood, after being summarily ejected from the island of Guernsey.

Mr. Weeks is one of the "Old Contemptibles." He joined the Army in 1907. He was discharged in 1919 after over twelve years' honourable service with the Colours.

Mr. W. A. Weeks

For a time he worked in Bideford, Devon, as supervisor in charge of a gas-engine and electrical plant, and when he left his employer wrote of him that he was a man who, "given opportunity, should go far, with credit to himself and those who employ him."

At Bideford, Mr. Weeks was married, and it was his earnest desire to better himself. He obtained a post as a steward, but he found that a seafaring life aggravated his malaria, which he had picked up in the Far East during his military service.

A sad position

In September, 1922, Weeks was discharged in Guernsey, and he decided to settle there as the climate was beneficial. He obtained employment as a motor-driver, and in due course was able to send for his wife and children, who joined him in the summer of 1923.

Mr. Weeks was in continual employment until October this year, when his employers, the Channel Isle Viberies, Ltd., were forced to dispense with his services through staff reductions made necessary by the coal shortage.

After vainly trying to get another post, Mr. Weeks was obliged to apply to the Strangers Poor Law for relief.

A harsh order

He was informed that all Englishmen who were out of work were being sent back to their own country, and, instead of being granted any relief, he was ordered to report with his wife and family at the docks on the following morning for embarkation.

Weeks was scarcely able to believe that this could be true. It must be remembered that he had been living on the island for four years, during which he had worked hard. His record was an excellent one, as is borne out by various letters of reference from his employers.

Yet, on making enquiries, Weeks found that the order was only too true, for he fell in with other Britishers who were being cast out of the island in the same way.

He applied to the authorities for a few days' grace in which to settle up his private affairs and dispose of his furniture and personal effects.

Scandalous meanness

But even this privilege was denied him, and he had no alternative but to parade with his wife and little ones for deportation.

Before embarking, the Guernsey authorities showed their generosity by handing Weeks 5s. in cash and free tickets to take him and his family back to Wandsworth, where he was born.

Having done this, the Guernsey authorities washed their hands of the British "strangers," and, had it not been for the fact that the stewards on the boat were more humane, the plight of the deportees might have been sad indeed.

As it was, the stewards showed the outcasts every kindness and helped them by giving them food.

Without this help they would have had only 5s. between them and starvation.

But, while they were thus sent back to England in circumstances of hardship and disgrace, we are proud to be able to record that Mr. Weeks succeeded in obtaining employment here after his return.

He has our sympathy for his experience and we wish him every success in the future.

At the same time, we feel constrained to add a few comments on this matter.

Guernsey's desire to have no unemployed within its shores may be a laudable one, but its treatment of British subjects who are temporarily the victims of misfortune is scandalous to a degree

BAITS FOR BOOBS

A MASTER MUG-HUNTER

Wireless Wizard's Wiles

JOHN BULL is constantly warning against fresh schemes of those whose previous undertakings have collapsed. The law must be amended to prevent such adventurers repeating distressing failures

A GENTLEMAN seeking employment and having £250 available for investment was attracted recently by a partnership announcement which informed him that his capital would be absolutely secured and returnable on demand.

Having answered the advertisement, our reader was favoured with a letter from a business consultant, who urged him to take every reasonable business precaution. Following the matter up, he was introduced to Mr. William Wrentmore, managing director of the National Wireless Corporation.

Tempting baits

Fortunately, our reader consulted us before deciding to throw in his lot with that or allied concerns, and in view of the constant capital-raising activities of the companies with which William Wrentmore is associated, we think it advisable to inform the public of the misfortunes of others who from time to time have nibbled at tempting baits held out by inglorious enterprises under his direction or managing control.

We need say little of Thoro'fare Motors, Ltd., save that it was a pre-war concern and purely a family affair.

It went into liquidation, and as Wrentmore was unable to safeguard his own relative's capital, it might naturally be expected that he would not be competent to conserve any moneys advanced by strangers.

His subsequent record proves the truth of this assertion.

Victims' experiences

In 1919 a wounded ex-officer invested £1,000 in the Woodbridge Engineering Company, Limited, a concern which claimed to be able to supply anything from a cycle-nut to a tractor or a steam plough.

"You may be certain of courtesy, civility, punctuality, and care;" "We can save you money all along the line"—thus ran the company's announcements signed by William Wrentmore, managing director.

The ex-officer invested his £1,000 in order to secure a £300 per year appointment as works manager. He joined the firm in July, 1919, but only received his salary for two months.

Finding that certain facts had been misrepresented to him, he brought an action in the High Court accordingly, and was given judgment for the return of his money. Up to date the judgment has not been satisfied.

Another gentleman who put £500 into the same concern to secure the post of assistant-secretary, also at £300 per annum, likewise found that there was no salary for him after two months.

What purported to be debentures issued to him were never registered, and he lost all his money.

The concern went into voluntary liquidation with big ideas of transferring its liabilities to a new company with £150,000 capital which never arrived. The secretary of the company was appointed liquidator.

As more than five years have elapsed since its last document was filed at Somerset House, we suggest that the Registrar there should make a few enquiries regarding its demise.

Mr. W. Wrentmore

The next concern in which Wrentmore was a director, the Fawn Motor Syndicate, Ltd., was the subject of official comment regarding the extravagance of its payments to directors.

More recently Wrentmore turned his attention to wireless, and the methods whereby worthless shares in his concerns have been hawked were the subject of comment in these columns a few weeks ago.

A gentleman of mature business experience who put several hundred pounds into one of Wrentmore's wireless concerns, because it was taking up a good invention, found that although the money was to have been under his own control, it disappeared. His scrip proved as worthless as his service agreement.

Another young man who was given a three years' agreement as office manager at a salary of £5 per week invested £250 about a year ago in another of Wrentmore's wireless concerns.

He received his salary for a few weeks until one week it misfired. The cheque was returned by the bankers, marked "R.D."

A great schemer

The young man, having staked his all in the concern, hung on for a month without remuneration. All he has now is Wrentmore's personal undertaking to repay the £250 in consideration of the company being unable to carry on, and to pay something on account from time to time.

He has held this document since February, but so far has received nothing.

Wrentmore's company record shows that he is a great schemer who has demonstrated over and over again his incapacity and irresponsibility as a managing director.

It is a characteristic weakness of our company Acts that they allow such adventurers to repeat their failures indefinitely, and the sooner legislation is introduced to prevent the exploitation of the public by these unqualified schemers the better it will be for the general public and scrupulous financiers.

FAKED POLICY SWINDLE

A BIRMINGHAM SCANDAL

Who Are the Confederates?

ARISING out of the gigantic swindles of a Birmingham public man, who has just been prosecuted at the local assizes for obtaining money by false pretences, is a matter which not only calls for widespread publicity, but for the immediate action of the Public Prosecutor.

Owing to the complicated details and statistics of the case, the general Press has only dealt briefly with it, recording principally that the swindler, Albert Ernest Parker, ex-councillor and guardian, has been sent to prison for duping people through the medium of forged documents and faked insurance books in a particularly ingenious manner.

But there is much more behind this case than is at first apparent, and justice will not have been done if the matter is permitted to die with Parker's conviction.

What is wanted is a full enquiry into the whole swindle; and Sir Archibald Bodkin is the man who should hold it.

The truth is that some of the victims became possessed of the policies in perfect ignorance, but on enquiry it may be found that others have indulged in transactions which need the strictest scrutiny.

A good investment

Parker was originally an agent for the Liverpool Victoria Friendly Society.

As a canvasser he showed marked ability, being a man who was endowed with an admitted gift of plausibility.

During his employment with this concern, however, he started a boot and shoe business of his own which led him to neglect his agency. The result was that the company dispensed with his services.

He then conceived the plan of making money by trafficking in forged insurance policies. He pretended that he had clients who, with their lives well insured, were so pressed for cash that they were willing to dispose of their policies on bargain terms.

In many cases the documents were said to be only a few months from maturing, and Parker offered them for sale at a price approximating £60 for every £100 insured.

Thus a £300 policy would cost the speculative purchaser £180, and promise a profit of £120 on maturity.

In each transaction Parker handed the purchaser a book (stolen from the Friendly Society in great numbers) together with a forged document, purporting to be the transfer to the purchaser of the policy in question.

The name given in each case was that of a non-existent person.

A suspicious sign

The Liverpool Victoria Friendly Society, who of course had no knowledge of the matter, was never approached by any of Parker's clients to see if these transactions were in order.

Yet many of them were business men, holding important positions in Birmingham, and one would have thought that their suspicions would have been aroused by the high rate of interest the transactions involved.

It would seem that they did not raise any questions in many cases because Parker told them that the society did not approve of such transfers and that they must "keep quiet" about them.

In all something like a quarter of a million of money was handed to Parker in his shady scheme—most of it during the summer of this year—and while the game lasted Parker lived in the lap of luxury.

He paid back to clients enormous sums due on maturing policies, getting money from fresh clients in order to do so.

So, whilst at the end there were inevitable losers, some people made rich profits, buying policy after policy from Parker.

Bursting the bubble

An astounding feature of the whole fraud is that not even by chance did anyone communicate direct with the Liverpool Victoria Friendly Society or with its branch office in Birmingham.

Had they done so, of course, the whole bubble would have burst and their means of making rapid fortunes would have been snatched from them.

We do not name anybody specifically because we wish to be quite fair.

But in demanding an official investigation, we would lay the following suggestions before the Public Prosecutor. It should be easy for him to arrive at the truth through the medium of the bankruptcy proceedings now being taken against Parker.

The claims of creditors against him already amount to £223,000.

If Sir Archibald Bodkin will collaborate with the Official Receiver in this matter, for the purpose of discovering the history of every one of Parker's claimants in bankruptcy, which should be traced back to the commencement, the true position will be arrived at and the real victims discovered.

Albert Ernest Parker, who has been sentenced by Mr. Justice Sankey at Birmingham Assizes to five years' penal servitude

It will be interesting to hear what explanations such people have to offer to show why they neglected to take the obvious precaution of consulting the society, or why they did not press for the policies which were supposed to be "transferred" to them.

We are not alone in the views we have felt it our duty to express concerning this gigantic swindle.

A further move

Not only in Birmingham last week did our Commissioner find people everywhere uttering similar protests, but Mr. Justice Sankey, who sentenced Parker, evidently himself considers that some further action is needed, since he has caused all the documents relating to the case to be forwarded to the Public Prosecutor.

It is, therefore, with Sir Archibald Bodkin that the next move rests, and his attitude in the matter will be watched with interest.

A Christmas Gift!

Wonderful Triple Offer!

FOLLOWING a time-honoured custom JOHN BULL is again making a Christmas Gift offer to its readers.

The proprietors of JOHN BULL feel that something should be attempted that will far outshine any previous Christmas offers of the past.

On page 2 you will find a Gift Voucher worth a Shilling to you! This is Surprise No. 1, the practical nature of which we need not emphasise. This Gift Voucher will be accepted at its face value in part payment for the famous JOHN BULL Pen.

This alone, however, does not meet our idea of what a Christmas Gift offer should be. It is not enough.

In addition, therefore, we are making a grand distribution of genuine 2s. 6d. "Everpointed" Pencils. The pen and pencil will be enclosed in a Golden Presentation Box, which will gain a thousand admiring glances on Christmas morning.

Here then is our wonder triple Christmas offer—the best answer to the question, "What shall I give?" for Christmas.

The Helping Hand

A Hero's Plight

A MAN who, time and again, has held out a helping hand to fellow mortals in distress is himself in dire need at the present moment, and his story makes poignant reading.

He is John Henry Croucher, an ex-officer of the mercantile marine, who was forced to leave the sea after the war on account of failing health.

With the slender capital at his disposal, Mr. Croucher started a river motor-transport service on the Tyne.

Two winters ago, though suffering from kidney trouble at the time, Croucher dived into the Tyne on a frosty night and rescued a lad who was in danger of drowning.

The final blow

He was in the water for about twenty minutes and the long immersion resulted in a spell of four months in hospital and six weeks in a home.

This enforced idleness spelt ruin for his little business, but Croucher made a valiant effort to get going again. He might have been successful had it not been for the coal strike.

Croucher came to London a month or so ago with his wife and child, and has tramped many weary miles in a vain search for employment.

A brave act

He and his family are living in a single furnished room, for which they have to pay 16s. a week.

For his heroic deed, which was the beginning of his troubles, Croucher received the Carnegie Hero Award, and this is not his first distinction.

He was awarded the Royal Humane Society's vellum in 1896 for saving life at Portsmouth Harbour, and in 1911 he dived into Gibralter Bay and rescued a girl. For this latter act he received the Tynemouth Silver Medal "for bravery in saving life at sea."

We have been able to give him some small assistance from the "Greatest of These—" Fund and have found him a temporary position until something better turns up.

The Pool of Death

Gravesend Perturbed

IN October last we cited three tragic cases of children who had died from diphtheria following visits to the Gravesend paddling-pool. Our article was mentioned the other day when the town council indulged in some heated discussion on the subject.

Councillor Hinkley, speaking on behalf of the father of one of the child victims, who had sent in a petition signed by 100 people, described the pool as a death-trap.

Alderman Prevost declared that the pool was a "standing disgrace," whilst Councillor Fulljames moved that it should be done away with.

There were one or two dissenting voices, and Alderman Thomas stated that the water had been analysed without finding any trace of diphtheria.

The regrettable thing, to our mind, is that the discussion led nowhere.

It would be more profitable if the authorities would follow our first suggestion and investigate the three cases of death and clear or confirm the doubts of the bereaved parents.

A Colliery Catch

Stocken's Empty Tales

WE have received an enquiry from a North Country lady who has had the misfortune to make several ill-advised investments which have resulted in financial losses; and, while the hope of recovering any more of her money is small—she has recovered some—her experience should act as a useful warning for others.

In the first place, the lady invested in the South London Homesteads, Ltd., which went into liquidation. The company was then reconstructed into the Woolwich and Bexley Estates, but no dividend ever materialised.

Equally disappointing was her experience with a concern called Wickham and Greenhithe Brickworks, Ltd.

A convincing letter

Then came the colliery proposition which the lady was led to believe would at last prove a sound and satisfactory investment, so much so, in fact, that she decided to take money out of war loan.

In this she was greatly encouraged by one of the directors of the concern, a Mr. T. Stocken.

"I need only add," he wrote on one occasion, "that your decision to sell the war stock and reinvest in the Scotwell Colliery is a wise one, and you need have no fear whatever as to the result of the new investment, which will provide you with a far higher yield on your capital than the war stock did.

"Having introduced the business to you, you can rely that I shall see that your interests are fully safeguarded, and if on any future occasion you desire to make further investment and will let me know, I shall be pleased to advise you to the best of my ability and place my experience at your service."

Swayed by these assurances the lady actually withdrew her money from war stock and reinvested in the Scotwell Colliery, Ltd.

Alas! the concern went into voluntary liquidation in October this year, with a "proposal" for reconstruction.

Our earnest advice to this lady is to listen to no more fairy tales of Mr. T. Stocken, who has figured as a director of all the disappointing companies.

Despicable trickery

Had she been a regular reader of JOHN BULL she might have been warned in time, for T. Stocken and several of his ventures have been criticised in these pages already.

As a matter of fact, when the Scotwell Colliery proposition was first being put up to the public through the medium of the Alliance Mercantile Association, of Camomile Street, London, E.C., we pointed out that Mr. Stocken and another director held only one 1s. share each! And we advised the public to let the venture severely alone.

So far as the above case is concerned, we can conceive of no action so reprehensible as that of assuring an inexperienced investor that she is doing a wise thing in taking her savings out of war loan to speculate in a colliery with such dubious prospects.

CRUEL LEGACY HOAX

THE SERPENT IN THE SCULLERY

A Callous Couple

DURING the turbulent times of 1915 a Walthamstow reader befriended a girl named Lilian Fisher, whom she understood to be an orphan with no home.

She took her into her home as a companion and to assist her in looking after her three babies, and employed her in this capacity until after the war, when the return of her husband and brother made it impossible owing to lack of accommodation.

Last year, when our reader's husband was preparing to go to work one morning, he opened the door to find a man and a woman with three children standing upon the doorstep.

The woman was the former Miss Fisher, now Mrs. Bryan, and she explained that she had just come into a legacy of £9,000 through the death of an uncle in Ireland.

She and her husband and family had now come from Sheffield with only the clothes they stood up in. They intended to purchase new outfits as soon as the legacy was paid.

A good Samaritan

Our reader took the family in and befriended them. They were in rather sad straits, but she purchased additional items of clothing for them and allowed Mrs. Bryan to use her name in credit with the local tradespeople.

Shortly after the arrival, Mrs. Bryan spoke enthusiastically of her future plans. She told her hostess that it was her intention to purchase three houses in the Leyton district, and declared that she would be pleased to offer one of them at a purely nominal rental as some return for past and present favours.

Mrs. Bryan

Our reader accompanied Mrs. Bryan to Stoke Newington where an interview took place with a solicitor, who Mrs. Bryan announced was going to handle the legal conveyance of the property she proposed to acquire.

In the course of the interview Mrs. Bryan had quite a lot to say about her legacy and gave the names of solicitors in Dublin who were acting for her deceased uncle. She also mentioned a legal firm in Sheffield who were acting for her in the matter.

Some time after this Mr. Bryan asked his benefactors for permission to use their sitting-room in which to receive a person who was calling to see them on business. Consent was readily given and the interview duly took place.

Later, when the husband returned from work he was astonished to find bailiffs in his home with a distraint warrant.

On being questioned they stated that they had been put in by a firm of moneylenders.

It subsequently transpired that Bryan had obtained a loan pledging his host's furniture, which he said was his!

It was only with great difficulty that the real owners were able to retain their property—in fact, they were forced to apply to Bow County Court in the matter.

A disgraceful hoax

Meanwhile, the Stoke Newington solicitor had been making a few enquiries, with the result that he had discovered that the Bryans' story of the legacy had no foundation in fact.

This disquieting discovery, coupled with the unpleasant episode of the bailiffs, brought home to our good-natured readers the realisation that they had been cruelly hoaxed. In February this year, after much trouble, they eventually succeeded in getting rid of their unsatisfactory guests.

To-day, as a result of a series of impositions, these good folk find themselves in great difficulties and surrounded with obligations which have been incurred solely through their good nature.

A DESPICABLE TRADE

WAXING FAT ON SORROW

The "Illegal" Policy Dodge

THERE can be nothing more despicable than trading on the ignorance of poor people, yet it is no exaggeration to say that the great industrial assurance companies are waxing fat on money snatched from the hands of people of whom they have taken mean advantage.

We invite our readers' consideration of the case of a poor war widow, who, with two little children to support, found it necessary to watch every penny in order to battle her lonely way in the world.

Anxious to secure a home of her own, where she could bring her little ones up in happy surroundings and to the best of her ability, she listened to the persuasion of an assurance company and finally yielded to its suggestions.

Widow's wasted thrift

She took out a policy in March, 1923, at a monthly premium of £1, on the distinct understanding that when three years' premiums had been paid the company would purchase a small house for her under a hire-purchase agreement.

When £39 had been paid over the widow eagerly applied to the company for the fulfilment of the understood terms of her policy. Alas! a crushing disappointment awaited her. She was told point-blank that no house could be purchased.

Argument was vain, the policy lapsed, and the whole of the £39 so thriftily saved by the widow was retained by the company without a blush!

Widows are favourite game for these unscrupulous plunderers, if we are to judge from the volume of scandalous cases which our bureau has been called upon to handle.

Fleecing the poor

In 1911, another poor woman was induced to take out a policy on the life of another woman who was residing with her as a lodger.

The premium was sixpence a week and the woman continued to pay regularly until the death of the person assured, by which time she had paid £18 on an eight-guinea policy.

When this poor widow applied to the company she was calmly informed that she had "no insurable interest" in the deceased person, and the company pocketed every penny she had paid them!

Another instance of the flagrant way in which these great companies fleece the poor is illustrated in the case of a man who took out three policies in 1908 on the life of an aunt.

He paid an inclusive premium of 6s. a week for eighteen years, when the company turned round and told him that the policies were illegal, and that no claim could be made.

Rays of sunshine

The policies lapsed, after the unfortunate man had paid over £204, and, in spite of its declaration that the transaction was illegal, the company showed no objection to pocketing every penny!

A Sunderland woman took out a policy in 1909 on a friend's life. The sum insured was only £9, but the woman paid 1s. a week until she had handed the company £44.

It was only then that the company told her that her policy was illegal, and added insult to injury by offering her payment of £4 as an act of grace. A clear profit of £40 on an "illegal" policy is not bad!

Whilst our bureau encounters much tragedy in the course of its work, there are rays of sunshine here and there.

The other day it took up the case of a widow at Maida Vale, who had been fleeced by a certain company of £26. At first the company refused to refund a penny, but on pressure an offer of £5 was made.

This was promptly refused and action was entered against the company in the matter. Within three days the full £26 was refunded!

THE cradle and not class-war will settle the future of the world. It is this fact that economists and scientists must realise. Fanaticism, religious and other, cannot shut its eyes to facts

Birth Control: A Warning!

By the Right Hon. C. F. G. MASTERMAN

THE question of the future of population—with all that it implies in subsidiary matters of birth control, or the future of England as a great manufacturing people—has been very much to the front of late.

It was discussed by the scientists of the British Association, in remarkable prophecies of disaster. It has filled many of the newspapers. It is almost an obsession in the latest book of Dean Inge. Mr Harold Cox and others have dealt with it in various aspects in JOHN BULL.

There are two extreme schools in this subject, which is far more vital than any coal strike, religious census, or League of Nations. It is the cradle and not the class-war which is going to settle the future of the world.

The one extreme school practically repeats all the old fears of Malthus of a hundred years ago. Population is pressing up against the means of subsistence and increasing faster than the means of subsistence.

In this vision, as in the opinion advanced by one prominent scientist at the British Association, the wheat-bearing areas of the world will no longer be able to supply the demand for food of a more rapidly increasing European population, and England will be reduced to living on herb salads and teetotal drinks (being unable to afford the waste which takes place when barley is turned into beer).

The two views

These men cry wildly for a wider diffusion of a knowledge of birth control and for the reduction of our population by millions, combined with great schemes of emigration of what they regard as a surplus beyond the sea.

The other school sees nothing but collapse in such a policy. It notes, for example, the difference between France and Germany, in which it thinks France, in general, refusing to have any children and Germany having enormous numbers, sooner or later the former will be swamped by the latter and Versailles avenged.

It sees swarming masses of Italians, Russians, and the Eastern peoples pressing once again in hordes against this tiny corner of the world which we call Western Europe and which will cease to dominate the world if it deliberately determines that it will not produce a sufficient number of children to maintain its supremacy.

It looks with no satisfaction on a world of the future in which England and Europe have abandoned the struggle for existence by refusing to produce the children to carry out the work of our ancestors.

What are the facts?

First, the birth-rate figures in England issued every quarter reveal, except for a brief period after the Great War, a terrific fall. This fall was noticeable even before the war. But these birth-rate figures are not an accurate estimate of the fall in the number of babies produced, for they merely show a percentage of births to the total number of population.

Calculations upset

And what has happened is that we are keeping up the total number of population, not by an increase of children, but because medical science is keeping old people alive.

Thus, all our calculations, which we made when we passed the Old-Age Pension Bill of 1908, of the amount which it would cost the nation to give so much a week to everyone over seventy, have been utterly swept away by the fact of the enormously increased number over our estimate of the men and women who now live to be over seventy and even over eighty.

I suppose that if the Government had then realised what was happening, we could have started pensions at eighty. Meantime a demand has arisen for pensions at sixty-five or even at sixty.

If this vast increase of aged life means a throwing forward of activity and vigour, so that men of eighty can do the work of seventy, and men of seventy the work of sixty, then everything would be for the good.

A limited knowledge

But if it means that men and women over seventy are to retire from any active wealth-producing life and live on the wealth produced by an even proportionately reduced number of active workers, due to the decline in the birth-rate, then the nation would seem to me to be heading towards disaster.

Despite this increase of population due to a declining death-rate, so rapid has been the fall in the proportion of babies born into the world in England that it is estimated that in some fifteen years the population will have become stationary and after that will steadily decline.

That is an estimate based on the fact that the proportion of the number of births will continue to fall at the same rate as at present. I am pretty sure this a wrong forecast. The proportion is going to go down in ever-increasing numbers.

The knowledge of birth control has been largely limited to the upper, middle and artisan classes. Wherever that knowledge has been attained in any class, it has always been accompanied by a tremendous limitation of families. This has been quite independent of the wealth of these families.

The Early Victorian standard of eight, ten or twelve children, emulating the example of the good queen herself, has passed, even in the descendants of noble birth, not troubled by poverty, to a standard of two, three or four.

A phantom bogey

Dean Inge states that in casually opening some pages of "Who's Who," in fifty successive entries of fifty successful men and their wives, there were only eight-four children, an average of less than two. In other words, allowing for the possibilities of death among these two, such a condition, if universal, is almost certain to halve the population within a very few years.

The advocates of eugenics are filled with despair at the refusal of the "best classes" to reproduce their kind and cry wildly, as Mr. Harold Cox cries, that we are going to leave the reproduction of the race to the children of the slums. They desire that the State shall actively undertake a spread of the knowledge of birth control among the very poor.

This, in my view, is impossible, owing to the fact that large sections of the people, including the Roman Catholics, are taught to believe that birth control is a mortal sin, and in consequence will never allow their money to be taxed for them by the State in order to popularise a mortal sin by official means.

But these eugenic experts need have no fear, from their point of view, as to the future. Knowledge of birth control is spreading with such rapidity that, in a few years' time, no couple who marry, of any class, will not be familiar with methods of limiting the number of their children or of wholly preventing any.

The Rt. Hon. C. F. G. Masterman

And with all the inducements due to life in one-room tenements or low wages the number of babies produced in such homes will probably clatter down even more rapidly among these classes than among the aristocratic and well-to-do.

So far, therefore, from looking forward to a time when England will find itself choked in the swarm of unwanted children, I have sure confidence that some fifty years hence the Government of the day will be offering liberal bonuses for babies and making every effort, not to decrease, but to increase the population.

A position usurped

One can see the process happening in France to-day, where the native French population refuses to accept the burden of large families; and miscellaneous hordes of Italians, Spaniards and Poles are crowding into the country and occupying the position which ought to have been occupied by France's unborn children.

I am not proposing to discuss the merits or demerits of the changes which are coming upon this country. Such discussion would occupy far more space than any which is at my disposal. But it is a subject which should occupy the attention of all who care for the future.

We scarcely realise that now, for the first time in history, a nation can without difficulty cut its population down to half within a generation and that, without any violation of the law or even, as it seems, of public opinion.

Of all classes, the smallest number of children produced to-day are those of the doctors, the teachers and the ministers of religion. And if the multitudes outside were to follow the example of these and reduce their families to similar numbers, before the end of this century huge cities would be lying desolate and derelict.

No fairy tale

The country might pass into the vision prophesied by Mr. Bernard Shaw and others, as a land where lodging-house keepers lived on the American tourist, no longer capable of buying imported food, and therefore compelled to become self-supporting on the cultivation of its own land, as in the days when Elizabeth ruled and Shakespeare wrote and Sidney died.

Some, like the Dean of St. Paul's, look forward with a kind of enthusiasm to such a future; others, with something like horror.

What I wish to emphasise is that this is not a grotesque fantasy or fairy tale, but well within the region of possibilities, unless some element enters into English life to check or alter the present obvious tendencies.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To H.R.H. The DUKE of YORK, K.G.,
White Lodge, Richmond Park.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—I hope the nation will give heed to your cheery optimism, which comes like a breath of fresh air to blow away depression. You do not believe the Old Country is done yet—very far from it. There is, as you point out, a good deal of lee-way to make up, but we shall win through triumphantly. What's wanted is faith in ourselves and one another. Then a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together will do the trick. JOHN BULL.

To Sir THOMAS LEGGE, C.B.E., M.D.,
Senior Medical Inspector of Factories.

DEAR SIR,—Because of the Government's refusal to carry out the Geneva Convention prohibiting the use of white lead for internal painting of buildings you have resigned your position. A Bill was introduced in 1924 that would have operated that prohibition, but the measure never reached the Statute Book. As you were one of the British Government representatives who entered into the obligation you naturally feel a great human responsibility in the matter. It is disgraceful that so important a menace to health should be left to chance, and I greatly admire a man who, rather than be party to such laxity, gives up a remunerative position. JOHN BULL.

To Sir WALTER de FRECE, D.L., M.P.,
Sefton Park, Stoke Poges, Bucks.

DEAR SIR,—I am heartily in accord with your view that the continuance of the irritating war-time restrictions is having a very serious effect on countless forms of employment. It is a real problem to thousands of workers fully employed how to accomplish a bit of shopping. We have a "Come to Britain" movement, but knowing the deadly dullness of our evenings compared with those obtaining on the Continent it is hardly likely to prove very attractive. If work was properly distributed and obsolete laws annulled, we could brighten life and solve our poverty problem.

JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice McCARDIE,
Royal Courts of Justice, Strand, W.C.

DEAR SIR,—You make a very serious statement when you declare that, according to Home Office statistics, the body of crime in this country to-day is greater than it has been in any period within the last sixty years. There is also a larger number of persons than ever before who are not only committing crime, but also avoiding detection. This high proportion of undetected crime is disquieting.

JOHN BULL.

To Miss SUSAN LAWRENCE, M.P.,
Grosvenor Road, S.W.

MADAM,—You are undoubtedly right in your view that the working-classes have paid, both in life and in money, far more than their due share of the price of the war. There may be some compensation, however, if the rising generation has learned by bitter experience that war spells poverty, wretchedness and ruin. The best antidote to the false glamour of militarism is the personal realisation of its tragic cost.

JOHN BULL.

To Col. HARRY DAY, M.P.,
Effingham House, Strand.

DEAR SIR,—I see that you have just cabled to America offering to engage Mrs. Charles Chaplin for a London production at a weekly salary of £500. Since, so far as I am aware, the lady's chief claim to fame lies in the fact that recently she quarrelled with her husband, I confess that I cannot approve of your conduct, while scores of English actresses possessing both beauty and talent are "out of a shop." JOHN BULL.

To Mr. R. DIMSDALE STOCKER,
Prince of Wales' Mansions, Battersea Park, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—What a capital doctrine is yours! You believe that the great use of laughter in life is to shake people up, and you know of no better antidote to self-centredness than a good laugh. I agree if we cannot make light of unavoidable troubles we are in a bad way. Let us all look oftener on the merry side of life and we shall understand one another better. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. A. RINGE,
Watford, Herts.

DEAR SIR,—As a railway worker you have studied the traffic problem, and in common with most humane folk are appalled at the increasing death-toll of the roads. You think that public authorities should erect light bridges or provide subways at even distances along main roads. The idea is at least practical and its possibilities should be investigated. JOHN BULL.

To Alderman NEAL, J.P.,
Guildhall Police Court.

DEAR SIR,—I am not surprised that cheers in court greeted your decision to merely bind over Arthur James Francis, a traveller, accused of taking money belonging to his employers, Keevil and Keevil, Ltd., of Central Markets, West Smithfield. That a City firm should employ a man on terms that he cannot possibly live on is, as you say, perfectly disgraceful and a positive incentive to theft. JOHN BULL.

To Master RONALD COX,
Cwm House, Penybank, Ammanford.

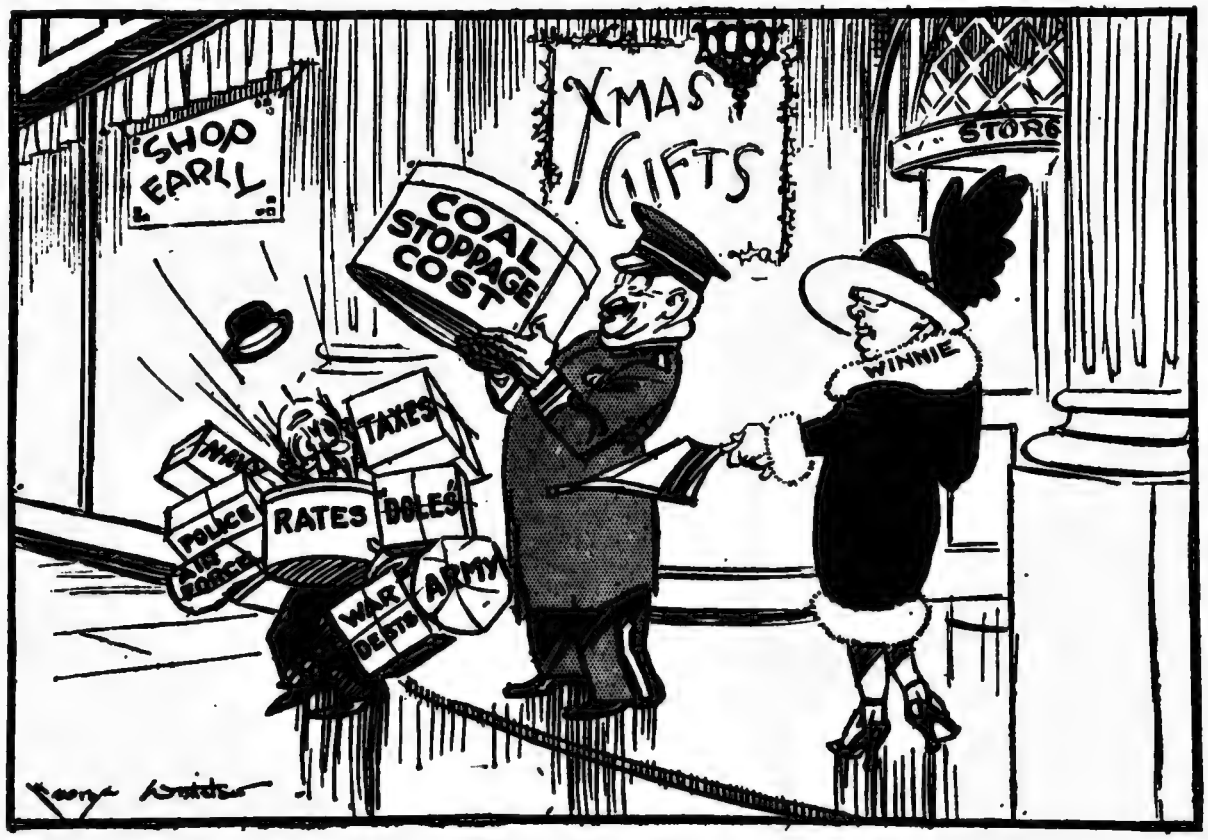
DEAR RONALD,—Whilst rabbiting, a dog was lost, and four days later it was heard whining from the bottom of a hole thirty yards deep. Though two hundred men gave up the attempt at rescue as a bad job, you volunteered to have yourself let down with ropes. At grave risk you managed to reach the starving animal, and bring it up to safety. So gallant an action on the part of a lad of fourteen was well deserving of the bronze medal awarded you. JOHN BULL.

To Miss LILIAN BAYLIS,
The "Old Vic.," Waterloo Road, S.E.

DEAR MISS BAYLIS,—While that queen of song, Dame Nellie Melba, was rehearsing at your theatre, you chanced to come out to speak to her chauffeur. There you found a young mother with her child, who asked that the little one might touch the prima-donna's car, as she would probably never have the chance again. You took the woman and the kiddie inside, and for two hours they listened to that glorious voice. By your kindness of heart you have given to that child a memory which will never fade from her mind till her dying day. JOHN BULL.

To Miss MURIEL GUNN,
Mitcham, Surrey.

DEAR MISS GUNN,—As holder of the world's record for the women's long jump, I find your favourite occupations interesting. You have proved yourself in sports of the athletic sort, but you still think home should come first. You love cooking, music, and everything to do with a home, and though you think it good for health to keep up outdoor sports, your home and husband will ever come first. Mr. Stanley Cornell, to whom you have just become engaged, is to be congratulated. JOHN BULL.



THAT'S HIM!

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. BRIDGEMAN:—"People do not starve in this country."

Unfortunately untrue. Moreover, many who do not starve to death die of disease brought on by starvation.

SIR W. ARBUTHNOT LANE:—"Disease is a crime, and should be punished as such."

And where due to slums and bad housing those responsible should be punished.

MR. HUGH REILLY:—"The business man to-day is harassed by the tinkers, tailors, and candlestick-makers who are in Parliament."

Sheer rubbish. The business man and other men have in Parliament the men whom they send there.

JUDGE CRAWFORD:—"Self-interest is usually the basis of human action."

A pessimistic judgment unworthy of any man who ever had a mother.

Without Fear or Favour —*by the Editor*

A DIRTY LINEN DEBATE

POT-AND-KETTLE POLITICIANS

WE have never disguised our opinion of the coal-owners. We have never hidden our opinion of any of the Parties that allowed the country to get into such a mess last May. If it comes to votes of censure we cannot see who is to escape the blame

FEW sillier things have ever happened in the House of Commons than the recent debate on the vote of censure moved by the Labour Party on the Government for its mishandling of the coal stoppage.

A Prime Minister with a thoroughly bad case was attacked by a Leader of the Opposition with a much worse one and it is not in the least surprising that, in these circumstances, the Prime Minister won hands down.

It is not, however, a very comforting spectacle for the country when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald tells Mr. Baldwin in effect that he is an incompetent muddler, nor when Mr. Baldwin is enabled to retort that, be that as it may, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a still more incompetent muddler.

We do not pay our Members of Parliament £400 a year in order to see them indulge in this sort of pot-and-kettle business. We pay them to get on with the job and not to behave like irritable schoolboys, more intent on scoring off one another than in looking after the interests of the people who sent them to Westminster and whose money is being used to maintain them in their quite comfortable jobs.

There is, however, a very obvious point that emerged from this useless and foolish discussion, which is that the trade unions never made a bigger mistake in their lives than when they turned their eyes from industry and fixed them on politics.

THE whole of the inglorious muddle of the coal stoppage resulted solely from the fact that there is in the trade union mind a firm conviction that industrial salvation need not be sought *via* work and efficiency; it can be imposed by politics.

There might possibly be something in this theory if the politician could regard business as business and suggest businesslike remedies. The fallacy is that he cannot. He is moved all the time by political expediency and by Party considerations.

The first mistake from which all the rest resulted was when the politician first poked his finger into the coal pie. It is no good Mr. Ramsay MacDonald attempting to blame the Government for failing to do something which no Government on earth could ever do—namely, steer a logical and entirely unbiased course through an industrial tangle.

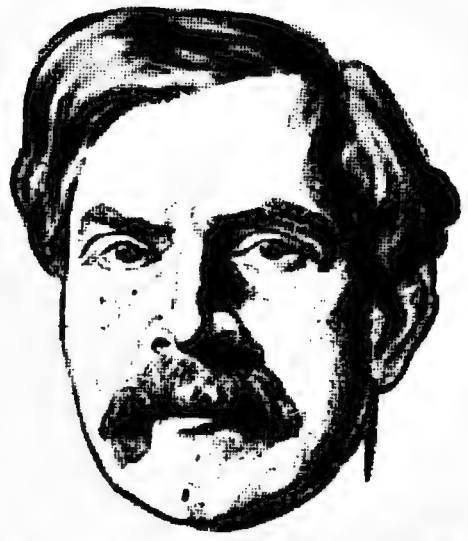
Every political Party is always under the necessity of keeping one eye on the problem and the other on its supporters. Mr. MacDonald himself is under this painful necessity, for the conduct of the political Labour Party throughout the whole of the past seven months has been conditioned by its anxiety to do nothing which would take away from it the very essential support of the big trade unions.

IT cannot, if it comes to that, even ignore the Communist element that it has so repeatedly denounced. Otherwise it would long ago have said in the plainest possible terms what it thought of Mr. Cook's continued bletherings about revolution, and it would very speedily have stated in blunt language its views of trade union leaders who were leading their men further and further into the morass without the slightest idea of the ultimate goal at which they aimed.

Pot-and-kettle politics will get neither the country nor the country's industry anywhere. We are still waiting for a realisation among our legislators that Party politics are of small significance beside brains and common-sense, logical thinking and a real desire to find the best way out of a difficulty.

We are still waiting for men of good will to get together, irrespective of political creeds and shibboleths, and bend all their efforts towards building up their country's prosperity instead of scoring cheap debating points off one another for the sake of snatching a Party advantage.

The silly debate that took place the other night leaves us sorrowfully convinced that we shall have to wait a very long time.



Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., Leader of the Opposition. He has his own views on the general strike and the coal stoppage, but the trade unions shook the big stick over his head, and he hastened to censure the Government at their behest. It was not a very dignified performance

Neville's Confession

UNVEILING a commemorative tablet on a block of tenements at Palmers Green, Mr. Neville Chamberlain had a good deal to say about the housing situation. With pride he pointed to the fact that since the war, 768,000 new houses had been built. Then, turning to the black side of the picture, he used words whose blunt and brutal candour must have made his hearers gasp.

"I feel," he said, "that we are beginning to see the end of the problem so far as the wealthier classes are concerned, but it is time we turned our attention towards the poorer classes."

These "poorer classes," of course, consist largely of the "heroes" for whom, just after the Armistice, "homes" were speedily to be found. Eight years later a Cabinet Minister, charged with special responsibility in this matter, is not ashamed publicly to confess that the needs of the poor have been postponed to the claims of the "wealthier classes."

If heartless honesty is a virtue, Mr. Chamberlain may claim all the credit it deserves.

Only, he must not for the future complain when he and his Cabinet colleagues are publicly accused of the crime he so cheerfully confesses. In the House of Commons and in the Press critics of the Government have repeatedly deplored the failure of the State housing policy to meet working-class needs.

Whenever this complaint has been uttered Ministers have assumed an air of injured innocence, as if stung to the quick by an unjust accusation, but after this speech of the Health Minister's they will find it a little difficult.

Meanwhile, the only alteration of policy so far visible is the reduction of the housing subsidy, the almost certain effect of which will be to worsen the position still further.

Britain's Opportunity

MR. HAROLD NIELSEN, the eminent consulting engineer, is an enthusiastic advocate of substitution of powdered fuel for oil in the running of liners.

He claims that the *Homeric* alone would give permanent employment to over a thousand miners if the change were brought about.

Powdered fuel is the resultant of distilled coal, after the gases and oils have been removed. The liner mentioned burns approximately 400 tons of oil per day, which costs £3 10s. a ton. Since coal lacks but 30 per cent. of the energy of oil, and as it can be delivered in the form of powdered fuel at £1 2s. 6d. per ton, it would mean a saving of some £600 on each day's run—a staggering amount in a year.

Railway services could also be run on powdered fuel, to the betterment of the system and the monetary advantage of the public.

We have no reason to doubt Mr. Nielsen's figures, hence we credit his conclusion that in the scientific handling of her coal resources lies Britain's answer to the menace of oil.

No More Plots

IN the history of nations the personal messenger has always been an important figure. He holds a responsible post. He is chosen for special qualifications, representative of the power behind the man.

The miracle of modern methods of communication has not done away with the need for personal messengers. The greater the occasion the more important it is for the nation to be represented in person, and the more care needed in selection.

Sir Austen Chamberlain is, in a very special sense, our messenger to the League of Nations.

He is sent there, our delegate, to make clear to the whole world the desire of Great Britain in the great cause of peace.

That is what makes it so disquieting to read of him in the *Echo de Paris* described as "a tall, grim figure silently brooding over dubious Locarno schemes." That is how the demeanour of our modern messenger impresses our French neighbours. It does not justify our hope of impressing the world with our sincerity.

Lord Cecil declares that "Great Britain is absolutely in earnest about the limitation of armaments." We believe, speaking for the majority of the people, he is right.

The "private" conversations of Sir Austen Chamberlain and the "strictly private" visits of Mr. Winston Churchill are far more likely to jockey us into invidious positions and render us liable to armed intervention here, there, and everywhere, than give practical expression to Great Britain's earnest desire for disarmament.

We want no more entanglements and commitments. Sir Austen must change his grimness. He is sent to Geneva as a messenger of peace, and he must behave as one.

Cobham Flight Sensation

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

PROFESSIONAL politicians are loud in their lamentations that their Parties are at sixes and sevens and their support from the man in the street is waning. Possibly the man in the street has begun to find them out!

Sir Alan Cobham, the famous and intrepid airman

IT seems to me that the greatest asset of a successful politician is to lie well. Whether he knows he is lying or not I do not know. I am willing to believe that the atmosphere of politics is such as to deaden very quickly that fine conscience that can differentiate between truth and falsehood, expediency and justice.

The politicians lied about the origins of the war; they told us that we had gone to war in the defence of Belgium, when in point of fact Belgium had not been invaded when Great Britain declared war on Germany.

They told us that we were in no way bound to France, when in point of fact we were very much bound to France, and had really no option at all as to our course of conduct.

An awful record

They lied consistently about the conduct of the war. They indulged in an orgy of secret treaty making; they played ducks and drakes with national friendships, with national relationships, and even when their machinations were exposed they were unashamed and unrepentant.

And they lied about the making of peace. The record of the politicians is a record strewn with broken promises and shattered pledges. They betrayed the civilian with as much equanimity as they betrayed the soldier. Trickery, jugglery and evasion—these seem to be the hall-marks of modern politics. They are busy now lying about Britain's affairs at home and abroad.

They tell us, for instance, that all would be for the best in this best of all possible worlds, if only we would buy Empire goods, if only we would be overflowing with brotherly love towards the Dominions.

Well, there was a wohdefful opportunity for cementing Dominion friendship not so long ago when Sir Alan Cobham flew from Britain to Australia and back.

The politicians and the patriots were loud in their praises of Sir Alan's courage and pioneering enterprise, but they forgot to tell us how during his flights in Australia he was hamstrung by the private oil trusts and told in effect that patriotism was all very well, but that it cut no ice unless profits were hung on its tail.

An oily affair

In the official report of the proceedings of the House of Representatives in Australia there appears an innocent question by a Mr. Marks.

"I ask the Prime Minister," he said, "whether it is a fact that the Commonwealth Oil Refineries made all arrangements to supply Mr. Cobham with petrol for his flights in Australia, but that he has been unable to use that petrol because other companies made it quite clear that, should he do so, their petrol would not be available to him in his flight from Darwin to London."

One would have thought that Mr. Bruce, the Prime Minister of Australia, would not have had the slightest difficulty in rebutting such an outrageous libel on the patriotic people who were throwing up their hats in glee at Sir Alan Cobham's wonderful effort to blaze an air trail across the Empire and cement the bonds of the British Commonwealth even firmer than before.

Patriotism at a price

Unfortunately, Mr. Bruce found nothing to say to rebut this outrageous suggestion; in fact, he had to admit that the situation was exactly as the questioner had surmised.

"I have seen a report," he said, "which indicates that what the hon. member has stated is correct. Arrangements were completed by the Commonwealth Oil Refineries at the request of Mr. Cobham to provide petrol for his flights in Australia—I believe that supplies had actually been sent forward by the Commonwealth Oil Refineries to different points—but I understand that as a result of representations by other oil companies they would not be prepared to supply Mr. Cobham with the necessary petrol for other stages of his flight if he used the Commonwealth Oil Refineries petrol. The arrangement had to be cancelled and the petrol he required supplied by one of the other companies."

I do not think that little story could be improved by any comment beyond the bare remark that patriotism is patriotism, but at the same time profits are profits, and that is all there is to it.

Patriotism and profits! They have a nice alliterative sound, but it is a combination of words which hardly bears dragging into the light of day. When people realise to what extent profits are the basis of much of the loud-mouthed propaganda that passes for patriotism, they will get more than a little annoyed with the "patriots."

There are some things that the nation should never be allowed to forget—things that will well bear being dragged into the light of day again and again until they are indelibly imprinted on the nation's memory.

A black list

It is not well to forget how the "patriots" bled the nation during the war when munitions had to be obtained at all costs. Let us remember how eighteen-pounder shells were produced in the National Shell Factory at 9s. 1d., while private firms charged 20s. to 23s. for the same shell; how the nation produced tin cups for the soldiers at ¾d. each while the private manufacturers charged 2½d.; how, convinced that the price of meat was out of proportion to justice, the Ministry of Food decided to cut out "patriotism" and go in for honest trading, with the result that the Ministry of Pensions was enabled to produce beef at 5½d. a pound and sell it to their hospitals at 7½d. a pound and still make a profit.

I could extend this list of the showing up of the profiteer-politicians almost indefinitely, but it is not necessary to go so far back to show how hollow are these protestations of "patriotism" and how real is the superior claim of fat profits.

In a recent issue of "Hansard" I find that the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade was forced to admit that artificial silk goods produced on the Continent were shipped from Southampton to Montreal on September 18 at the rate per ton of 47s. 6d., while the rate for the same class of goods produced in Lancashire was 85s. per ton by the same steamer.

What sense or sanity is there in yapping about "patriotism" and howling for the support of British industries when things like this are happening?

It seems to me that the greatest asset of a successful politician is to lie well, but it seems to me also that the "patriot" runs him neck and neck for the honour of the liar's laurel wreath.

It's Time

Nothing chafes law-abiding citizens more than petty restrictions. Grown-up people rebel against being treated as infants

I AM one of those who believe that no form of interference with individual liberty is justifiable unless it can be proved beyond dispute that it is for the advantage of the community as a whole. The mere fact that a prohibition or a regulation is beneficial to one class or one section does not, in my opinion, justify its imposition or its retention.

Sir Frank Meyer

Judged by this standard the "Dora" regulations as to the purchase of tobacco, sweets, ice-cream, etc., after certain hours must stand condemned. If anyone doubts this let him try the test of a few simple questions.

Is it injurious to morals to buy cigarettes or chocolates in a restaurant or theatre after nine o'clock? Is it prejudicial to the health of the nation? Does the prohibition lead to a greater production of wealth or a more equitable distribution of it? The answer to all these questions is obviously in the negative.

Why, then, are these regulations maintained eight years after the conclusion of the war? For, of course, their imposition was originally due to the war-time necessity of economising in man-power, in light and in cargo-space.

THEY are maintained partly by the force of departmental inertia, partly because the opposition to them has hitherto been haphazard and unorganised, but most of all because they are supported by that well-organised and powerful body, the Early Closing Association, backed up by the proprietors of the large stores and multiple shops.

I do not believe that the small shopkeeper is in favour of them. At any rate, I know that since I took up this question I have received a great many letters and petitions from small shopkeepers demanding the right to remain open so long as their customers desire to be served.

I am told by the Early Closing Association that the maintenance of these restrictions is vital to the interests of the shop-assistants. I would be the last to desire to do anything which might

Great Rates Raid

by A. G. GARDINER

WHEN strikes occur it is the people who are the hardest hit. They have a right to demand protection. "No arbitration, no relief" would be a certain way to stop firebrands from embarking on reckless revolution

IT is not often that I find myself in agreement with the *Morning Post*; but in its article on "The Dole and the Vote" it raises a question that none of us can ignore.

The subject, of course, has been brought into startling prominence by the events of this year. We are emerging from the greatest industrial catastrophe that this, or any, country has ever sustained. We have bled ourselves white—how white we shall not know until the Budget brings us face to face with the terrific consequences.

We might imagine from the loquacities of Mr. Cook that it was Russia that kept the people fed and clothed and housed; but the contribution of Russia—made not so much to help the miners as to destroy the miners' country—would hardly have paid for the sugar in their tea. Practically the whole of the cost falls upon us, the taxpayers and the ratepayers.

Now there were two main channels through which this enormous flow of subsistency ran—the unemployment insurance system and the poor relief system. With the first we are not concerned here. It is one of the most splendid achievements in our history. Without it, this country during the depression of the past six years would have bordered on revolution.

A miserable misnomer

There is a mischievous habit in some quarters of speaking of the insurance benefits as "the dole." They are not a "dole." They are not pauperism. They are the legal claim of the insured upon funds to which they have contributed for their insurance.

There is no sounder or wiser part of our social and industrial structure than this system. In ordinary circumstances it will meet all emergencies and more than meet them.

But the convulsion of this year created demands which were beyond the scope and possibilities of any insurance system. It threw nearly two and a half million people on the rates—that is to say, local industry had to bear the cost of maintaining the struggle which was paralysing that industry.

So heavy were the charges that the future had to be mortgaged, and when that expedient had been exhausted the taxpayer had to come in to furnish more funds to keep the relief going.

An imperative demand

This is "the dole," and two capital considerations arise in regard to it. This is a civilised country with the most humane tradition of any country in the world. It is the essence of that tradition that it will not allow people to starve. No Government would live a day which departed from that tradition, no matter what the circumstances of the struggle might be.

Hence throughout this summer and autumn no check has been put on relief, and so far as the children especially are concerned it seems agreed that they have been at least as well fed at the public expense as in normal times.

But while the public conscience insists that the weapon of starvation shall not be used in industrial struggles, public opinion reasonably demands that there should be a balancing consideration. If the public are to finance a strike they ought to be protected against an unreasonable exercise of the strike weapon.

In other words, the claim on the public purse should only be valid when the issue has been submitted to arbitration. "No arbitration, no relief" is the only policy which will safeguard the public against reckless incendiarism.

The second consideration is that raised by the *Morning Post*. It is whether the receipt of poor relief should be a disqualification for the exercise of the vote. I favoured the removal of that disqualification and I should regret to see it revived. But it would be idle to deny that the events of this summer have given us serious ground for reflection.

In the past the general spirit of our people has been profoundly hostile to anything in the nature of pauperism. They would go hungry and they would pawn their Sunday clothes rather than stoop to the humiliation of parish relief.

But a new temper has arisen, and in some quarters the raiding of the poor rates has become a sort of political propaganda. Poor relief is not so much a humiliation as a form of levy on capitalism.

When this attitude of mind is coupled with the power of electing the authority which administers the poor rate we have a position created which leads to the gravest abuses and corruption.

The Duke of Northumberland, K.G., who is behind the "Morning Post"

A perilous power

We had a startling illustration of that in the recent case of West Ham, where the election of the board of guardians had become a kind of Dutch auction in which you voted for the candidate who would be most generous with the public money and where masses of people without any real claim to relief were plundering the rates and burdening industry with enormous debts.

And it is, of course, a commonplace that the continuance of the coal struggle would not have been so prolonged if in the critical areas one of the parties to the dispute had not the administration of relief absolutely in its own hands.

That was so in South Wales, and Mr. Will Lowther, of the Durham Miners' Board, in explaining in the *Sunday Worker* why, after thirty weeks' strike, no fewer than 48,435 Durham miners recorded their votes against the owners' terms, said it was because the miners controlled the County Council and nearly all the boards of guardians.

In other words, the poor rate had become as much a part of the strike fund as if it belonged to the trade unions. Without entering into the justice of the miners' case, it is obvious that there is something radically wrong here.

The better way

I am not prepared to say with the *Morning Post* that the remedy is to disqualify the recipient of poor relief from the exercise of the vote in Parliamentary affairs. That would be punishing unfairly thousands of people who may be temporary victims of circumstances in which they are entitled to sympathy rather than punishment.

But it is clear that the recipients of poor relief should not be in unfettered control of the authority which administers poor relief. That means inevitable corruption and ultimate national bankruptcy.

The real remedy is the sweeping away of the whole antiquated poor relief system, and the extension of that wise, nationally administered principle of industrial insurance which will provide against all the vicissitudes of existence.

She Died!

by SIR FRANK MEYER, M.P.

injuriously affect the hours or conditions of work of the men and women behind the counter. Let us, therefore, examine this claim a little more closely.

SUPPOSING it were permitted to sell cigarettes, chocolates and ices in those places which are anyhow open to the public after eight o'clock—the theatres, cinemas and restaurants—does it necessarily follow that the sales of these commodities in the shops would be diminished in proportion?

I believe, on the contrary, that these sales would be mainly additional to those made at present. If, however, the shops are really afraid that their trade will be seriously diminished let them decide for themselves if they desire to remain open, on condition that no shop-assistant may be required to work longer hours than he does at present.

In other words, the one-man business can carry on at his own convenience and the big shops can employ a second shift of assistants if they think it worth their while, which is more than doubtful.

I have always thought that an excellent test of whether a law is justifiable is the attitude of the man in the street towards one who breaks it. We are naturally a law-abiding people, probably the most law-abiding in the world. The average Englishman will put himself to some inconvenience and even danger when called on to help the police in the execution of their duty.

But is it conceivable that anyone would report to the police an illegal purchase of tobacco or sweets after hours? On the contrary, he would probably do all he could to warn or help the offender.

THE result is the necessity for an army of inspectors and the consequent expense to the taxpayer. A further result is to put the ordinary law-abiding citizen and the police who have to enforce the law, good or bad, in opposition to one another. This, again, leads to wholesale evasion, which is usually accompanied by corruption.

All this is unhealthy for the nation, in that it brings the law into disrepute and ridicule. We may laugh at Prohibition in America; we may smile at the fact that you may not buy a cigarette in certain States (I found this to my cost when travelling across the State of Kansas); but so long as we maintain these futile regulations we are far too much in glass houses ourselves to be able to cast a stone of ridicule at any other nation.

The Logical Remedy for Indigestion

Indigestion will not give way to Drugs No amount of haphazard or even consistent dosing with medicine will give you permanent relief from Indigestion. Drugs only temporarily ease the symptoms, without removing the cause, paving the way for recurring attacks in a more aggravated and lasting form. The only logical remedy is that which works with Nature to remove the cause.

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J.B. 18.12.26.

THERE is much good in the average boy to-day. When he does go wrong his elders are often to blame. Given a proper chance, the fine spirit of the old-time pioneers will still be found in him

REFORMATORY TO CABINET

by THOMAS BOWEN PARTINGTON

ONE of the most important changes there has been in recent years is the greater appreciaton of the value of child-life. Public opinion during the war realised more than ever before the value of man-power, and to-day we are realising to the full the value of childhood.

Years ago there was not this realisation and the Report of the Select Committee on Factory Children's Labour in 1831–2 told a most ghastly tale of the degrading conditions and misery of the toil of little children in factories and mills.

A good investment

The year 1842 saw the issuing of the records of children in the mines, and long before and after that date the sufferings of the chimney-climbing boys.

Such conditions of child labour would not be tolerated for five seconds to-day. We have passed from the cruelty and gross waste of life to an appreciation of the value of this same life. It required an industrial revolution to bring about this appreciation, nevertheless it has come.

And to-day we show it by our boy scout organisations, girl guides, lads' clubs, summer camps and a host of things which are in themselves an admission that there is on the part of the adult a recognition of the potentialities of the juvenile.

Some will ask, "Does it pay?" Most assuredly it does, and nowhere is this seen more than in the matter of juvenile delinquency.

In 1936 we had the hellish spectacle of 600 children, all under an armed guard, waiting for transportation to Botany Bay; we are further told that "the armed sentries were unable to keep order." In the records at the Old Bailey we read there of children around the ages of twelve being sentenced to death for mere theft.

Such treatment was drastic, but ineffective and contrary to the true English attitude, and so changes were made and method after method was introduced.

The Empire spirit

A few years ago there were those who thought they could improve the young delinquent by means of psycho-analysis; it was not a success. A system of co-education of the young offenders was tried and this was proved a failure.

To-day we are aiming rather at cure than punishment; seeking not to break the will of our young people, but rather to call out the good there is in them, and when this new treatment is criticised, called namby-pamby, I would retort by saying that whereas seventy years ago we had 14,000 children in our prisons, we have to-day even less than twenty.

I quite admit that approximately 30,000 children are brought before the courts in the course of a year, but after all what are the offences? Often nothing more serious than the playing of football in the streets, indulging in those innocent pastimes which are but the outward expression of that spirit of adventure and mischief which we hope to find in every healthy-minded boy and girl.

It is this same spirit which has made our Empire what it is, made the

Mr. Thomas Bowen Partington

men whose names are writ large on the scroll of Britain's fame. It was this same spirit which prompted Captain Oates, "a very gallant gentleman," to go out to die that others might live.

Where the blame lies

This same spirit gave us a Jack Cornwell, V.C., and it must have been this same urge which prompted Shackleton before he set out on his last tragic voyage in the *Quest*.

There is much that is good in the average boy to-day and when he does commit unsocial acts his conduct is more often than not due to the lack of social service on the part of the adults.

He loves the cinema. Why? Becauses he wishes to learn more of wrong-doing? No. Granted there are some films that harm, don't blame the boy for that, but rather blame local censorship in the form of moribund Watch Committees.

The average film appeals to the boy's spirit of adventure, though I am reminded of the story that is told of a boy who stole a turkey which he afterwards sold, and when asked why he had done this his reply was to the effect that he wished to get money to see that great film, "The Ten Commandments"!

40 CHEQUES of £12 each to Registered Readers.

See page 2.

A new spirit is abroad and it is pleasing to note that this is even being fostered by the police themselves.

Take Norwich as an example. Here the Chief Constable, a whole-hearted worker among boys, runs a lads' club along with his men. What is the result? The reformatory there is half empty.

Hoary tradition

I mentioned above that approximately 30,000 children come to the courts every year. But of these 30 per cent. are discharged or the case is withdrawn; another 30 per cent. are dismissed or bound over. Too lenient, some will suggest. Yet it is a fact that of these very few ever make any further appearance.

Granted there are some children whom it is necessary to send away. But even then the treatment is not what it was and the whole object is not that the boy shall be punished, but rather that his character shall be developed.

Often it is the finest thing to send a boy away, for it means that he is being taken away from a home influence that was all for evil.

We must get away from the old idea of industrial schools. These have ceased to exist and in their place we have residential elementary schools. Of course, tradition dies hard and it pleases a certain morbidity to read, as we did some time ago, a glaring headline, "Reformatory boy shoots a policeman."

Such a headline appeals to a sensation-loving public and on the strength of this there are those who would condemn the whole system. One does not get the same publicity given to what is true—the other was not wholly true—that of those who are sent away for training approximately 90 per cent. do well.

On the right track

We do not get the same publicity to the fact that one eventually became a Cabinet Minister, but it is so; or to the fact that only the other day one headed a tripos examination at Cambridge.

All I have quoted shows evidence of the new spirit which is abroad. There is much more to be done yet, but we are now on the right lines. They show the irresistible and invincible effect of public education.

Public opinion to-day is recognising to the full the value of the child life of the country, and developing this, not by repression in the form of senseless and cruel legislation, but in the recognition and developing of that spirit of adventure and innocent mischief which in years to come will cause to be written of many of them that in the service of King and Country and of humanity as a whole they lived and died, "very gallant gentlemen."

CROOKS' INCREDIBLE PLOT

RIVIERA RASCALS' RAID

The "Soft Speakers'" Banquet

SCOTLAND YARD, at decent intervals of two or three months, allows it to become known, through the Press, that certain menaces to our social order are "well under control."

Sometimes it is the dope traffic, sometimes it is the bogus night-club evil, sometimes it is the swindling share-pusher or the brazen confidence trickster, that calls forth this reassuring phrase. It is usually followed by a fresh outbreak of activity on the part of one class or other of the enemies of society.

It is on the disappearance of the confidence trickster, "the soft-speaker" as he is known in the jargon of the thieves' kitchen, that the authorities are at present congratulating themselves.

Chief Constable Wensley, chief of the C.I.D.

Folded their tents

What has happened is that the Americans and colonials who throng London in the summer and autumn have gone home, and the "soft speakers" have folded their tents, like the Arabs, and as silently stole away—to the Riviera.

There they have already made such good hauls that they find the place too hot to hold them; and some of the more dexterous and more brazen have decided to return to England, and establish their headquarters at Brighton.

A number of them held a gala dinner the other night at one of the best restaurants in Nice, where the toasts were "To our next merry meeting" and "To Dr. Brighton."

They were blissfully unconscious that a representative of JOHN BULL was dining at an adjoining table.

Two of these rascals had recently lifted £5,000 from an English business man, who was staying at the Hotel Negresco, one of the most palatial hotels on the Côte d'Azur.

As they may try the same trick at Brighton, the *modus operandi* may be worth an explanatory paragraph.

Both these swindlers are Americans, they have a variety of aliases and they pretend to be agents of an American syndicate, which, with the money of Rockefeller and Pierpont Morgan behind it, they say, organises the fluctuations of the French franc and makes enormous profits.

Heads and tails

The victim is shown the cablegrams of advice from New York—ordering the buying or selling of millions of francs. One prospective "mug" is shown a cable to sell, another a cable to buy. With the franc on the jump, one of these advices must be right, and enormous profits—on paper—are easily shown.

The victim is allowed to come in "on the ground floor," and as soon as his money is got from him, the rogues disappear.

These rascals are looking forward to a prosperous season in Brighton, with Harrogate as an alternative camp. Neither in Brighton nor in Harrogate, one hopes, will these cynical crooks find so easy a victim as they did in Paris quite recently.

A rich American gentleman of New York, made the acquaintance of a young Frenchman, in the Café de la Rotonde, in Montparnasse, the famous rendezvous of Bohemian artists and students.

A fantastic yarn

The Frenchman, who was the agent of the gang of American crooks, explained that he was the son of Vandyck, the famous painter, who at the moment was in Rome painting the portrait of Mussolini. He wanted to borrow a thousand pounds.

The American, who had heard of Vandyck as a famous painter, whose pictures fetched hundreds of thousands of pounds, cheerfully made the advance, casually explaining that he would take one of the father's paintings as security.

A few days later the father, the great Vandyck, turned up, borrowed a few thousands more and promised to give the American his choice of any masterpiece. Then, of course, he disappeared.

The story is so fantastic that no one would believe it except for the fact that it is recorded in the dossier of the French police and a copy is in possession of Scotland Yard.

A trick that might have more success, when this American gang comes to London, is that played by these same rascals the other day in Cannes.

Two of them got into conversation with two Italians at a café, and, after a few drinks, confessed that they were in a difficulty. They had a couple of thousand pounds about them in notes, which they produced, and explained that they were strangers, and as they had heard there were a lot of crooks about they didn't feel safe.

Finally, they induced the Italians to agree to take them to their hotel. Before going, they produced a despatch case, put their money in it, and induced the Italians to add their joint cash. Then the bag was given to one of the Italians to take to the hotel and book the extra rooms.

Hidden clues

Shortly after he had gone the Americans made an excuse and withdrew. They had cleverly extracted the real money, and substituted for it wads of bogus notes.

The latest coup of these sharks was to lift £250 and a fur coat from an English lady of title, whose acquaintance was made by a woman member of the gang at the Casino at Monte Carlo.

Learning that she was looking for a furnished villa at Mentone, they took her to one, having borrowed the key from a local house-agent.

They offered her the villa, which was supposed to belong to one of them, for £500 for the season, very much less than its real value. They got an open cheque from her, left her there while they went to the bank to cash it, and took her fur coat as they went.

They did not return. They are now in Italy, and are making their way to England viâ Switzerland.

Scotland Yard has the photographs and all the particulars of the gentry who worked the exchange ramp. But keeping them in the archieves is very little protection to the British public. Why not show these photographs and particulars to the Brighton and Harrogate police?

An easy deduction

Why not close co-operation between the Post Office and the police? Such co-operation exists in America, which is one of the reasons why the crooks prefer to operate on this side of the Atlantic.

If, for example, the postmaster at Brighton were to have his attention drawn to two cablegrams from New York, one advising the recipient to buy, and another, at the same time, advising him to sell, millions of francs, he would have very little difficulty in drawing the deduction that there was something highly suspicious about them.

But under our existing system the privacy of telegrams is sacred, even when their contents are obviously suspect. In America, on the other hand, it is a criminal offence to use the State mail or telegraph services for purposes of fraud.

Is there no way of conveying to our admirable and intelligent postal officials that an indiscretion which resulted in rounding up a gang of international thieves would be treated with the same benevolent indulgence that was shown to Nelson when he ignored official instructions by the famous artifice of putting the telescope to his blind eye?

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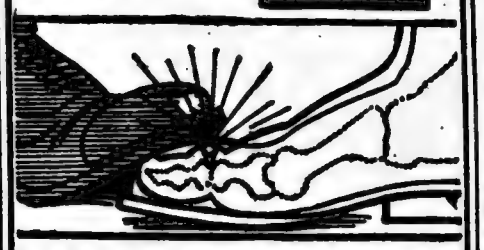
OPPENHEIMERS

"Ooh! That CORN"



TAKE IT OUT SO THAT IT WON'T COME BACK

Don't merely cut the top off with a razor or burn it off with caustic lotions, plasters, etc. That doesn't do any good. It may do great harm by causing infection or even blood poisoning.

The business end of a corn is the root. That is what hurts when pressed on sensitive nerves, and it is the part you have to get out.

A good handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water will soften corns and callouses like water softens soap. Just soak them in this for a while, then take hold of the corn with your fingers, and out it will come root and all.

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In Sunshine Ward

by PHILIP INMAN

FATE at times deals the most staggering blow and hope is all but gone. Then it is that some unseen hand points out another path along which the shadows are pierced and sunshine lights up the way again.

CHEERFUL CHARLIE'S SONG

CHARLES REDFERN, twenty-eight years of age, an artist living in Chelsea, was admitted to my hospital for an operation six months ago. He came through it successfully, and was making good progress when complications developed and for some days it was thought that he would not recover.

After a splendid fight on the part of both doctor and patient his life was spared, but only at a terrible price. To-day he is wearing a pair of dark glasses to cover his sightless eyes.

"Poor Charlie Redfern," said a Royal Academician to me when he heard the news. "He was a real genius, and his paintings might conceivably have become immortal. So he's doomed to a life of darkness. Well, well, Fate has indeed struck him a cruel blow."

Passing through the shadows

At first I used to wonder why his friends always spoke of him as "Cheerful Charlie." In those early days of our acquaintanceship I scarcely ever saw him smile, and his very appearance gave one the impression that he was utterly despondent and weary.

And can you wonder at it? It is bad enough to be struck down by a terrible affliction when one is nearing the end of the road, but here he was, a young fellow whose entire future had been blasted as he was standing on the threshold of a brilliant career.

He would be more than human who could suffer such a fate without letting the iron enter his soul. And even through all those dark and dreary days Charles Redfern was essentially human.

He occupied No. 13 bed in his ward, and next to him was one of those lonely souls who had neither a relative nor a friend.

A basket of delicious fruit had arrived for Redfern, and he would not rest until he had shared it with his "pal" in the next bed. There was all the difference imaginable between these two men and yet there sprang up a close kinship between them.

Just after "No. 13" had heard the tragic tidings that he would for ever remain sightless, his neighbour whispered

Philip Inman

to him, "It's a funny world, mate. There's nobody who cares a damn whether I live or die, and yet I am better and going out to-morrow. And there you are stuck with all your rough luck."

Piercing the gloom

Then he added feelingly, "I wish I could take some of it from you, straight I do." "Thanks, old chap," responded Redfern, "but things will come all right after a bit."

The next day, when No. 12 was leaving the hospital, he went up to Redfern to wish him "Good-bye." As he turned away he found a Treasury note had been left in his hand, "to tide him over his rough bit of road."

As the days went by Charles Redfern became used to the darkness and with the passing of the shock he became almost blythe and buoyant.

I met one of his friends leaving the ward one day, with a broad smile on his face. He told me that he had just been listening to a humorous story. Then he added, "It's the old Charlie come back again. Thank God for it."

On the Sussex coast is a well-known home of recovery. A few days ago I was walking up the long drive leading to the main entrance. It was raining hard, and I found that most of the patients were congregated in the common room.

With the matron I made my way there. There were some thirty or forty girls and men and for a few minutes I was thrilled as I listened to the chatter of this cheery crowd.

In the centre stood a young fellow and in his hand he held an empty pipe. "Give me a bit of bacca, Fred," he called out to one of his comrades. Then he added facetiously, "I'll ask somebody else for a match."

The soul's awakening

"'Cheerful Charlie' at it again," someone commented, for the man who was the life and soul of that gathering was Charles Redfern. Then he pulled from his pocket a pouch full of tobacco, and passed it round to the others in the room.

Most of that day I spent with Charles Redfern, and it was just before I came away that I experienced one of the great thrills of my life. We were in the matron's sitting-room together, and we were alone.

For a few minutes he had been deadly serious whilst he had been talking about his plans for the future. "Surely there is something for me to do," he asserted. Then he asked quietly, "What do blind folk do as a rule?"

Before I could answer he had groped his way to the piano and commenced to play. I listened spell-bound whilst he played divinely the air of a well-known song. Then in a rich tenor voice he started to sing:

"God who took away my eyes,
That my soul might see."

And instantly that sitting-room became a sanctuary. After he had finished he sprang to his feet. "That's the answer," he cried. "I will give my life to music."

Mr. Philip Inman would be glad if the one who wrote to him, signing himself "A Pariah," will do so again, giving, in confidence, his name and address.

The Sentence of the Court

A Loan—He Did It

Millions of Mischief

WEARING in his lapels the national emblems of Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Finland, Winston Churchill pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of misappropriating trust funds.

"The accused finds himself once again in the dock owing to his incurable taste for foreign adventures," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C. "As if such wild Churchillarious stunts had not brought him sufficient discredit in the past, he is going out of his way to buy more trouble, even though it involves selling the British taxpayer.

"Ordinary citizens who wear ordinary hats and desire only to live peaceful lives have learned with amazement that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has authorised the British members of the League of Nations Finance Committee to consider the granting of war credits, possibly up to £10,000,000, to any member of the League who, in the jargon of Geneva, is 'the victim of aggression.'

"This outrageous proposal, put forward by France, Poland and Finland, and assented to by the accused with all the simplicity of a rustic yokel in the hands of a thimble-and-pea manipulator, amounts to a cool request that Britain should once again play a 'loan' hand in Continental finance and act as Europe's unpaid policeman."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that most likely the money would never be required. Even if it were, it would only be a loan and the maximum—whether fixed at £10,000,000 or some other amount—would not be exceeded. Knowing that they would have to reckon with the financial power of Great Britain, quarrelsome States would think twice before breaking the League Covenant.

* * *

"It is very much open to question," said Mr. Justice Bull, "whether cantankerous small States are likely to be deterred from breaking the League Covenant by the knowledge that to do so would result in 'breaking' the British taxpayer. In any case, to suggest that we should finance the squabbles of small States is too much of a large order.

"The proposal, in fact, is merely a variation of the discredited theory that the best way to ensure peace is to prepare for war, only in this case we are being asked to prepare for other people's wars.

"Talk of mere 'loans' and a 'rigid maximum' in connection with what may appropriately be termed 'intergnashional' finance is so much eyewash. During the Great War we 'lent' Europe two thousand millions, and any village idiot knows that blood money 'lent' to Europe will never be seen again.

"If this iniquitous proposal were adopted, countries belonging to the League of Ructions, when suffering from a cold in the (war) chest, would look to John Bull to cure their ailments by putting his own feet in hot water.

"In view of the amazing simplicity revealed by the prisoner in connection with this matter, I must direct that he forthwith rid himself of the variegated headwear with which his wardrobe is crammed and reconcile himself to appearing in public from now until Budget day in a dunce's cap."

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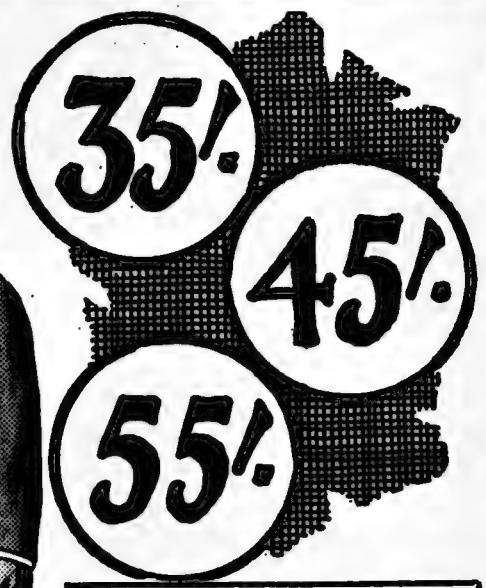

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It prevents infection and soothes and heals rashes and eruptions of all kinds. You must do good by using Germolene.

Mrs. A. Headley, of Downside Cottage, Park-road, Woking, Surrey, writes:—"The remarkable healing power of Germolene has surprised both myself and my friends. For eleven weeks I suffered great distress as the result of a severely scalded foot, but Germolene has healed the wound completely."

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

Prices 1/3 & 3/-.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Returning from the party

Emerging from heated rooms to icy wind—you know the rest! Remember, that happy memories won't be spoiled by vain regrets if you give your guests, young and old, a parting glass of

Schweppes Green Ginger Wine

DELICIOUS — AND SO WARMING

A4 WILLS'

BOURNVILLE

'Keep fit on cocoa'

For the sturdy outdoor child, or for the studious one, a cup of "Bournville—the cocoa that tastes like chocolate"—makes breakfast and supper more enjoyable. It is food below pre-war price.

See the name "Cadbury" on every piece of chocolate.

7 days FREE TRIAL. Riley's pay carriage and take all risk in transit

You can see and test a RILEY BILLIARD TABLE before you buy

14/- DOWN

Transform the dull winter evenings into times of great enjoyment for every member of the family—young or old. Install a Riley "HOME" BILLIARD TABLE. Riley's have made the purchasing terms so easy that everybody can have their own real billiard table.

A postal order sent to-night will bring the popular 6 ft. size "Home" Billiard Table (complete and ready for play) to rest securely on your dining table. Seven Days' Free Trial enables you to test before you buy, and Riley's pay all carriage and take all risk in transit. This is the full list of sizes and prices:—

6 ft. 6 in. x 3 ft. 6 in.	£7 0 0	or in	6/8
8 ft. 6 in. x 3 ft. 10 in.	£9 0 0	18	11/-
9 ft. 6 in. x 3 ft. 6 in.	£11 15 0	monthly	16/-
7 ft. 6 in. x 3 ft. 10 in.	£10 0 0	pay-	13/-
8 ft. 6 in. x 4 ft. 6 in.	£12 10 0	ments of	20/-

Riley's "Home" Billiard Table resting on ordinary dining table

"Riley's" "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables are also supplied on easy terms. Cash Prices from £22 10 0, or in 12 or 20 monthly payments. Supplied in Oak or Mahogany, any shade. Riley's are also makers of the world-famous RILEY FULL-SIZE BILLIARD TABLES. Prices and particulars can be had on request.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., ANSON WORKS, ACCRINGTON. And (Dept. 20), 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

FREE A postcard will bring, post free, Riley's illustrated price list. Write to-day.

Surprise & Please with a "TERRY."

Immediately they see it and feel its wonderful comfort and buoyancy, they will think of years of luxurious riding—free from spinal fatigue or soreness.

As a gift and as a saddle, the "TERRY" is something very much out of the ordinary. If difficult to buy locally, order from us now.

NOTE PRICE REDUCTIONS.
14 ins. x 14 ins. .. 45/-
13 ins. x 13 ins. .. 39/-

CYCLE MODELS.
C.T.C. Large and Medium for Ladies and Gentlemen .. 18/6
List post free.
Patented at Home and Abroad.

TERRY

SPRING SEAT SADDLE

HERBERT TERRY & Sons, Ltd., Redditch, Eng. *Est.* 1855.

Words Winged to Women

MANY people agree that "the law is a ass." Only a few recognise personal responsibility to ensure that the working of the law keeps up with the times. The formation of public opinion is the first step

THE INJUSTICE OF "JUSTICE"

by MABEL HORNER

WHAT is wrong with the working of the law in this country? That many people are seriously convinced there is something radically wrong is evidenced by the number of letters reaching me from disinterested people complaining of unjust sentences.

Here, for instance, are a number of typical examples:

At the Mansion House Police Court Alfred Noakes, a Dulwich youth, has been sentenced to six months' hard labour for stealing a hospital box from a saloon bar in Fleet Street. His plea that "he only took it for a lark" did not serve him. Instead he serves six months' hard labour, kept at the country's expense, in jail.

At Hull, a Mrs. Mary Harris, wife of a Methodist minister, walked round one of the local stores and picked up articles to the value of 17s.

At the local court she pleaded that she had been "dared to it" and just tried to see how many things she could pick up in half an hour's walk round the shop. The case was dismissed on the payment of costs.

Puzzling discrepancies

But worse in point of view of discrepancy of treatment are the two cases, which the other day were heard consecutively at Croydon.

In the first a man who stole a £75 motor-cycle, repainted the number-plate and altered the licence, but had no previous conviction, was bound over, and no conviction was recorded.

The next to step into the dock was a man who had stolen a shillingsworth of milk. His previous character was good. He was fined 5s. and his conviction was recorded.

At Southport, after a long hearing of a very puzzling case, a man named King Howson was sentenced to seven days' imprisonment with hard labour in respect of stolen goods valued at £20.

At once the police court missionary stepped forward and pleaded for the alternative of a fine "as the prisoner is a widower with four children to look after."

"We have given our decision," said the chairman, and there was an end of it.

It was a silly decision. There is no sort of sense in sending a man to prison

Rt. Hon. Viscount Cave

and throwing four defenceless children fatherless on to the world.

The hardship inflicted upon the wives and children of prisoners is beyond human computation. There is no common-sense in branding as a criminal for life a youngster who, boy-like, bags fruit from a neighbour's orchard. We have to recognise that in every human being born there are seeds of evil as well as good.

Under the influence of education' good environment and useful occupation the growth of the inhibitory processes makes crime recede into the background.

The law must change as the world progresses. The law is the rule prescribed by authority for human action. At one time it was merely the tyrannous exercise of brute force. Liberty-loving Britons respect the law because the slowness and fairness of legal procedure gives a man opportunity to defend himself.

Crime is the failure or the refusal (there is a distinction here) to live up to the standard of conduct deemed binding by the rest of the community.

The new keynote

Extreme penalties were at one time thought to be the best deterrent of crime. This was the age of hangings for theft, of the whip, the lash, boiling oil, the wheel and the torture-chamber.

Slowly public opinion brought about milder methods. To remove the criminal from decent society for shorter or longer periods, and make him labour under hard conditions and on a spartan diet, was the scheme of punishment. And now we have arrived at a point where this plan seems to fail also.

We need a change of motive and machinery moving with the thought of the times. The law should insist upon restitution wherever restitution is possible. If a man takes another's machine and damages it, he should be bound to make the damage good.

With those two words, restitution and reformation, as the keynote, such a reform of the criminal law could be made as should afford a real protection to society.

A change which would convince a sinner of the error of his ways, and set his feet again into paths of peace and respectablity is worth trying.

Why I Saw It Through

by ELIZABETH M. GREEN, J.P.

IN a recent case at Colchester, where a soldier was charged with offences against two young boys, one of my fellow magistrates asked me to leave the Bench while the case proceeded. Very naturally I refused, whereupon the gentleman himself retired in protest.

The incident has aroused such widespread comment that a few words on the duties of women magistrates may not be out of place.

I think that those who, like myself, had the honour of being appointed as the first women magistrates in July, 1920, little realised then the importance and responsibilities of the office.

But what I believe most of us did feel strongly was the tremendous responsibility we had in trying to set a really high standard of service for the women who should hereafter be appointed.

WE had for long claimed and fought for equality of right between men and women, and now we had to face the claim of equality of responsibility, and whatever that responsibility involves.

Personally, when I was formally admitted I felt I was "received" rather than "welcomed" by my brother magistrates—one cannot forget that the Bench was the man's last line of defence!—and I was shown a ponderous legal tome, deeply underlined in red ink, that cautioned me that I must remember that I was on the Bench "to administer the law and not to make it."

A few months later two other women were appointed locally, and the Chief Constable said in open court that, owing to the services of the first woman on our Bench, his prejudices had completely broken down, and he should in future welcome their admission.

AT any rate, nothing dreadful seems to have happened as the result of our admission in 1920. The great fabric of British justice has not even tottered, and after six years it seems generally admitted that our coming has been beneficial, not only to our own sex, but the administration of justice in the main.

When I became a justice I felt that I had no right to send anyone to prison unless I knew something of the conditions to which I was sending him, and I determined to acquaint myself with such conditions. I accordingly went to the Home Office for permission to visit all types of prisons, reformatories, etc.

An official welcomed me very warmly and said, "You know we never have a judge or recorder, and scarcely ever a man magistrate coming here with such a request, but now you women have become justices I expect we shall be pestered by you, and," he added, "I hope this will be the case."

I can say from personal knowledge that this has been the case, and that in the general movement that the last few years have seen in the direction of a radical reform of our penal system the woman magistrate has pulled her full weight.

And I think she is pulling her full weight generally in her new work, except perhaps in one respect.

I was shocked a few days ago to read the remark of a certain barrister, "The worst thing about women magistrates is they will leave court when cases come on where they might be really useful."

THIS reproach against us must be removed. Quite apart from the fact that the presence of a woman magistrate in these cases undoubtedly makes all the difference to women and young people who are compelled to give evidence, there is a bigger consideration.

The woman swears the same oath as her brother justice, and is appointed to her office on exactly the same terms as the man. She undertakes a public duty and must be prepared to carry it out, however unpleasant it may be—quite irrespective of her personal feelings. Otherwise she must be content to bear the reproach of being a shirker.

But I have too much faith in the woman justice to believe that in the future she will be found wanting in this respect.

"Run down"?

Try SCOTT'S Emulsion immediately you feel that staleness and weariness which comes before a breakdown.

SCOTT'S Emulsion will give you strength, renewed vigour, increased vitality. It may easily save you from a long illness. Ask for genuine

Scott's Emulsion

The first step to health

EVERY CHILD NEEDS IT.

10/- Down

is all you pay for a No. 2007 mahogany finished Model Cabinet Gramophone complete with the world's finest Sixteen, including 18 records (10 tunes). No. 2008 Upright Parlour models £6 19 6 cash. 40 other styles Table Grands, Portables etc. at low factory cash prices or on easy monthly payments, carriage paid 10 Days' Trial. Money back if dissatisfied.

Co. (Dept. G 106), Birmingham

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

THE YEAR'S BEST BARGAIN!

AMBROSE WILSON OFFERS MARVELLOUS VALUE IN THIS

Velveteen FROCK 2/- With Order

When you receive this appealing Latest Model Frock, see for yourself the depth and richness of the fast-pile VELVETEEN, admire its lovely Chiffon finish, and then consider the amazingly low price, you will say at once. "This is the year's Best Bargain."

I am so certain that you will just adore this charming and most serviceable Frock that I will send it to you AT ONCE on "home approval" for a Deposit of only 2/-.

Take this opportunity NOW of enjoying the big saving offered to you by the actual maker. Every Frock is made in my own London workrooms from wonderfully rich, long-wearing material and in the most artistic and delightful shades.

Up to 2 Guineas is usually charged, but my FULL PRICE is only 16/11, the balance of which may be paid by weekly instalments. If you are not delighted, you may return the Frock and have your Deposit refunded.

My Price **16/11**

Send 2/- only for home approval and judge for yourself.

SIZES (length from shoulder): 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches.

OUT-SIZE (in either length): Same Price.

COLOURS: Salmon Pink, Putty, Air-Force Blue, Vieux Rose, Palm Green, Ruby, Nigger, Navy or Black.

USE THIS BARGAIN COUPON AND SAVE MONEY.

Please send me on approval Velveteen Frock No. F.86 at present bargain price of 16/11.

Size .....

Length .....

Colour .....

I enclose 2/- deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/6 or more. If not satisfied, and I return the Frock at once, you will refund my deposit. Enclose coupon with name and full address and Postal Order crossed thus / / John Bull. 18/12/26. No. 509.

Post Order to:
Ambrose Wilson, Ltd., 865, John House, 70 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

NOW 1/9 GETS A FINE GRAMOPHONE WITH RECORDS

I offer magnificent Horn and Hornless Models in Oak or Mahogany with your own choice of Records ON 14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. CARRIAGE PAID.

My Free Lists show the biggest and cheapest selection So write for a copy NOW

Write for LISTS FREE

Chas. T. Ridley & Co. COVENTRY.

Human Documents

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed

The Dead Accuser

Should He Forgive?—A Hopeless Parent—Wife or Work First

"MY story is rather in the nature of a confession than a problem, but I send it to you in the hope that it may be the means of causing young men to consider the terrible consequences of lightly stealing a girl's virtue.

"Until recently I was looking forward to a career in the noble profession of medicine. Now I feel so shattered in nerve and stricken in conscience that I have abandoned my hopes of becoming a doctor, although I was in my last year as a medical student.

"In my first year I was introduced by a fellow-student to a girl of my own age who seemed at once to become infatuated with me.

"Had I not been false to my manhood I should have explained to her that marriage would be impossible for many years as I had only a small allowance from my father on which to live, but I am sorry to have to confess that I behaved like a cad.

"The blood ran hot in my veins and recking nothing of the consequences I took advantage of her love and trust with the result that she found herself about to become a mother.

"As the time drew near for her travail she became terribly worried with regard to her future and one day she disappeared, leaving no trace of where she had gone.

"In the course of six years she had almost passed out of my memory, but my youthful sin was suddenly brought home to me in a tragic manner.

"I HAD assembled with other students for a post-mortem on a body which, as is customary in the case of those who die in the infirmary without friends or relatives, had been sent from the union.

"When the lecturer arrived the covering was removed and there before me, ghastly, emaciated and disfigured by disease, was the corpse of the girl I had so cruelly wronged years before.

"I fainted at the sight, and I have since been ill for weeks. I am afraid it is impossible for me ever to recover my nerve completely and until my dying day I shall be haunted by the accusing remains of the once beautiful girl whose love I betrayed."

"HUMANIST" says: *Truly time brings punishment, though perhaps rarely in so terrible a fashion. If more men could be confronted with such evidence of the last pitiable state of the poor girls whom they make their playthings, they would not hold a woman's honour in such light esteem.*

* * *

"AT the request of a friend I am putting the following case before you for your opinion. He and his wife are both on the stage and have always been regarded by their friends as the most devoted couple and were scarcely ever seen apart.

The Divine Prerogative

"Some time back, however, for the first time since their marriage, they got work in different touring companies.

"In consequence of rumours which reached him the husband paid a flying visit to the town in which his wife was appearing and discovered that she had been misconducting herself with two young fellows in the company.

"She confessed to her husband, but pleaded in palliation that what had occurred first took place when she was under the influence of drink.

"She further admitted that on two subsequent occasions she had given way to one of the men under a threat of exposure. On the other hand, the two men declare she was a consenting party.

"She has begged her husband not to divorce her and swears that if he will forgive her she will be faithful to him and devote herself to their little girl.

"The husband believes her now, but I cannot help feeling that if he forgives her he will in future be assailed by doubts, and I am disposed to advise a parting now, which will be less painful than years of misery tied to a woman whom in his heart he does not trust."

"HUMANIST" says: *God forbid that I should influence a man to crush a forgiving spirit! If he has faith that his wife is really repentant and that the bond existing in the person of their little girl will help to keep her loyal to him, let him exercise the divine prerogative and forgive. He will still have his remedy if his wife should prove unworthy of his generosity.*

* * *

"I AM a lad of eighteen years of age, at present living in lodgings with my father. From my earliest recollections my father has always been one of the sort who will not work unless compelled, and during my mother's life-time he used to spend every penny he could get hold of in public-houses.

Worse than Fatherless

"I scarcely ever knew what it was to have a decent suit of clothes and often we should have starved but for my mother, who went out to work. My father would even steal the money she earned and put aside for the rent.

"He got worse after mother died and sold the home bit by bit. My brothers and sisters were taken away to an institution and after that he left the house and took me with him tramping all over the country, just doing a day's work here and there in order to keep himself in drink.

"Now we have come to this place and I have got a job, but he takes all my money. He won't buy me any clothes and I look a disgrace as I have only those in which I work at a very dirty job. Now he is talking of moving on and going on tramp again.

"I have threatened to run away from him, but he says that if I do he will fetch me back. My life is miserable enough as it is, but I would be worse being dragged about from place to place by him in the winter without any kind of home. What can I do?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Leave your father. He cannot compel you to remain with him and you would certainly be better away from such a parent. Call on the local secretary of the Y.M.C.A., who will, I am sure, help you to break away from such an undesirable mode of life.*

"I AM a married man with two children. I am employed in the building trade, but I am rarely at home. I have only had work in my home town for two years out of the seven of my married life.

Exiled by Work

"My wife is continually urging me to come home and remain at home for she says her health is suffering through my absence.

"I am now more than 200 miles away from her and the next contract will be a twelve months' job just as far away. I have worked for my present employer for ten years and now hold a responsible position. I have asked him to find me work nearer home, but he cannot do so.

"If I were to accede to my wife's wishes it would probably mean a drop of at least £2 a week in my wages. Moreover, my ten years' work with my present employer would go for nothing and I should lose the prospect of advancement.

"Do you think I should place my wife's wishes first or my work and ambition?"

"HUMANIST" says: *In considering your work and ambitions first you are surely making the best provision for your wife and family. The remedy for your exile appears to be for you to find accommodation in the districts in which you work. I know it is not easy to find house room for a wife and family, but I should imagine that as you are in the building trade, your employer should be able to help you in that direction.*

* * *

A Widow's Burden

"What can a poor widow do with a daughter twenty-two years of age who, though earning good money, has not given her mother a penny for board and lodging for over a year, and replies to remonstrances by creating disturbances and smashing crockery?"

"Humanist" says: *She can refuse to give such an undutiful daughter board and lodging without payment. If the girl found no food awaiting her she would have to face the alternatives of paying or seeking board and lodging elsewhere. She should be ashamed to add to a widow's burden.*

Denied a "Dole"

"Ten years ago, rather than let the little one go to the workhouse, we gave a home to a love child whose mother had decamped. Recently the two shillings extra dole I had been drawing was refused because I could not produce any documentary evidence of guardianship."

"Humanist" says: *The employment exchange officials should have told you what documentary evidence they required. The simplest way out of the difficulty is to apply to a magistrate for an adoption order under the Act which comes into force next New Year's Day.*

Secret Marriage

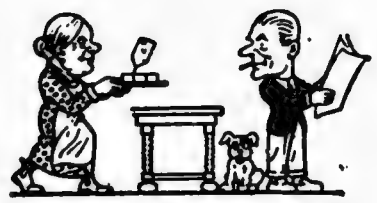
"I should like to get married secretly and a few months later have a public wedding in a church. Is it possible to do this? If you could tell me how, you would greatly ease my mind."

"Humanist" says: *If both parties are legally competent to contract marriage there should be no need for secrecy. You could be married with a minimum of publicity at a register office and later get a minister to invoke divine blessing on the civil contract in a religious ceremony, but I do not recommend such a course.*

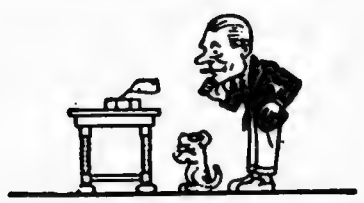
Empty Stockings

THOUSANDS of parents are too poor to fill their little ones' stockings this Christmas. There is time for you to play Santa Claus by sending us this week a generous subscription to "The Greatest of These—" Fund. (See p. 34.)

CHRISTMAS - *the Present Time.*

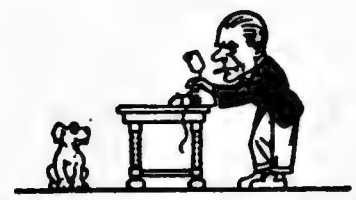


"Another Xmas Present, Mr. X."

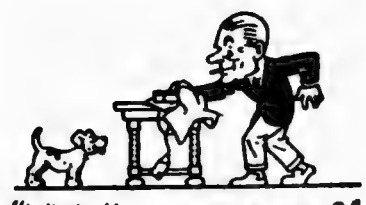


"H'mm - looks like Cigarettes!"

"Another 'fancy' brand, I expect!"



"Why the deuce can't they send Gold Flake?"



"What's this - A YELLOW BOX?"

"They are Will's Gold Flake!"

Give WILLS's GOLD FLAKE *for* CHRISTMAS

IN DECORATED TINS of 50 and 100 2/6 and 4/10 each

W.283

THE PRESCRIPTION YOUR PHYSICIAN WRITES

℞ *for Nasal Catarrh*

The moment Glyco-Thymoline reaches the irritated and inflamed mucous membrane, you'll know swift, easy freedom from stuffy congestion, from aching eyes and nose.

Use it as a nasal spray twice daily. 19,567 doctors have found it successful.

At all chemists, 1/10, 3/8, 7/6.

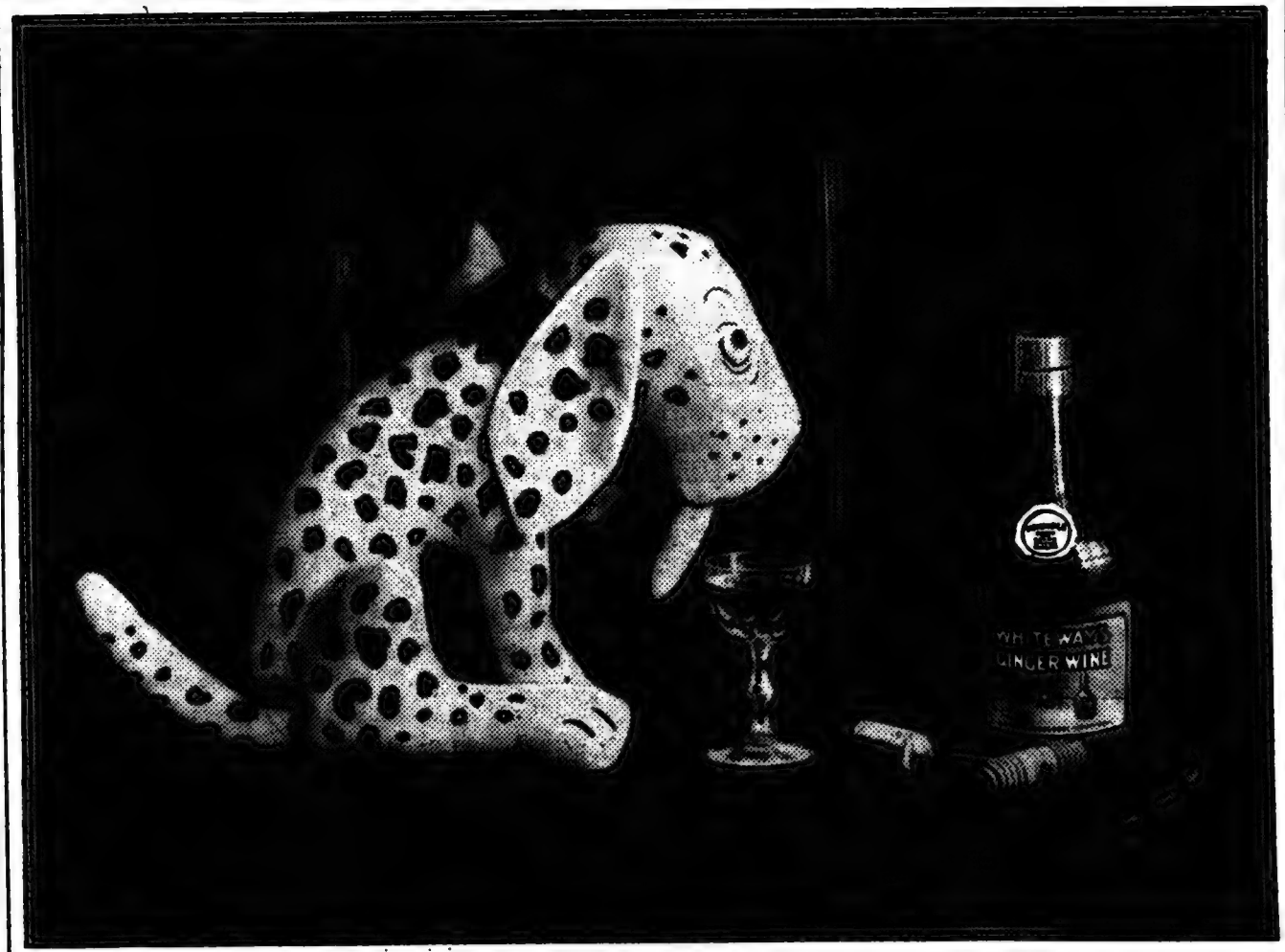
THOS. CHRISTY & CO., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4

MAKE SURE YOU GET

GLYCO-THYMOLINE

Trade Mark Regd.

NOT SOMETHING NAMED TO SOUND LIKE IT



With acknowledgments to Daud's Dog [illegible]

TO CHEER THE DISMAL. The most warming drink in the world is Whiteway's "Olde English' Ginger Wine—just the ideal beverage to cheer you up on these cold, dismal days. It is of the same high standard of quality as "Whimple" and "Woodbine" Cyders, and can be obtained from all wine merchants and licensed grocers at 2s. 3d. per bottle.

A handsome Wireless set COMPLETE 10/6

It's a present with a future, crammed with hours of enjoyment! It guarantees the perfectly clear, loud reception of the wonderful Christmas programmes and the even more wonderful broadcasting to come in the New Year when programmes will represent the almost unrestricted resources of the nation.

The Brownie enjoys the largest sale of any crystal set—proof positive that it is unrivalled in efficiency and value.

Complete for local station reception, 10/6. Daventry Coil, 2/9 extra.

* Get perfect loud-speaker reception by coupling up with our 2-valve amplifier 63/-

Helpful Booklet No. 20 FREE.

BROWNIE WIRELESS CO. (G.B.) LTD., Nelson Street Works, Hornsey Rise, London, N.W.1

Be *sure* you *ask* for BROWNIE WIRELESS

Radio Notes

Christmas—Give Radio!

by W. R. DOUGLAS SHAW

WILL there be enough headphones to go round at home this Christmas? Probably not. Then what better than to make your yule-tide wish a reality by taking an extra pair or two?

If there is a valve set, but no loud-speaker, the latter is a gift that will surely bring new joy to the family circle.

Other gifts that suggest themselves are a battery-charger for those who have electric light and have a valve set, and for those without electric light an accumulator-carrier may be useful.

Users of crystal sets will derive increased happiness from a suitable amplifier. When you buy it, let the wireless shop know the make of your friend's set, or as much as possible about it.

An excellent gift for those having a valve set and a gramophone is a special attachment which will enable the latter to be used as a loud-speaker.

FOR an expenditure of one pound it is possible to rig up a complete crystal receiving-station which will give good results within twenty miles or so of any main B.B.C. station.

A single-valve set will give good results within fifty miles of any main B.B.C. station or within 100 miles of Daventry. It will operate a small loud-speaker within four or five miles of a main station.

Within a radius of seventy or eighty miles of a main station, a single-valve reflex set—crystal and valve combined—will be quite effective.

In the advertisement columns of JOHN BULL lately there have appeared particulars of many tested wireless sets and accessories which will make excellent Christmas gifts.

Two-valve sets generally give good results within 150 miles of a main B.B.C station, providing they comprise a high-frequency amplifier and a detector valve.

The Burndept Ethophone-Duplex two-valve set at £6 10s., including valves, coils and royalty, operates a loud-speaker within twenty miles of any normal B.B.C. station and within from eighty to 100 miles of Daventry. With headphones, it affords a very wide choice of programmes from many different stations.

A "Brownie" No. 2 crystal set will be appreciated anywhere within twenty miles of a main B.B.C. station. It will also be effective within 75 to 100 miles of Daventry, using the special loading coil. The complete set is very reliable and costs only 12s. 6d.

LOUD-SPEAKERS for valve-set users offer a wide range from which to choose your gift.

Excellent "baby" models are the "Excellaite" at 23s. and the Burndept "Peter Pan" at 18s. 6d. The former is marketed by the Wireless Distributing Co., Ltd., Wireless House, Stoke Newington, N.

The "Ethovox" Junior is splendid value at £2 2s. only, and is a Burndept product.

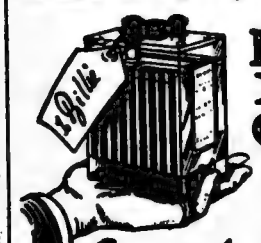
The famous Amplion models may be obtained at prices ranging from 38s. upwards. The Amplion "Dragon" at 65s. is a high-grade instrument giving pure and powerful reproduction.

The B.T.H. model at £3 is a full-size full-tone instrument.

Another large model characterised by its richness and purity of tone is the Bullphone "Nightingale" at £3. It is marketed by W. Bullen, 38, Holywell Lane, London, E.C.

Exide

THE IDEAL XMAS GIFT



A useful present that will last

Whatever your programme this Xmas, a good wireless Battery will be acceptable.

TYPICAL Exide VALUE

DTG — B.F. Low Tension 2-VOLT CELL — Capacity 80 amp. hrs. — Price 4/6

WJ — High Tension R.F. 20-VOLT UNIT — Capacity 2,500 milli-amp. hrs. — Price 15/-

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Our Letter Parliament

Scrap the Gallows!

Secret of High Wages—Profitable Ignorance—Talent Discouraged

JUDGE ATHERLEY-JONES' article, "Should He Hang?" in JOHN BULL of December 4, raises important issues. It is obvious that what certain offenders need is medical treatment, not penal punishment. The former would cure a mind diseased and reclaim the individual; the latter merely punishes a person for an act he may be incapable of resisting.—*Cosmo, Middlesex.*

Tired Tims

Your contributor speaks for only about 50 per cent. of criminals by pleading "poverty" as the cause. I could name a round dozen criminals, who in turn could name a dozen or more each who thieve because they are too lazy to work. My own brother is one of such criminals, and his associates are tarred with the same brush as himself.—*J. E. R., Essex.*

Glorified Jails

If the evildoer is to be treated as though he has not acted evilly, then it will become more difficult to define what is wrong and what is punishment. So long as society needs to be protected from the evil of others, then punishment there should be, not necessarily harsh, but decidedly distinctive, else prisons will become glorified homes of recreation and culture.—*James Gray, Ealing.*

The Guilty Judge

Should a murderer suffer the penalty of death? The answer is No! The Commandment, "Thou shalt do no murder," applies not only to the man convicted, but also to the judge, who in the guise of law and duty orders another man's death. No man, whatever his station in life, is exalted sufficiently to take another's life, and the extreme penalty should be abolished.—*F. Rowley, Staffs.*

Sob-stuff Sympathy

Undoubtedly such conditions as bad housing and disease and unemployment play a large part in causing crime, but when one considers the millions of respectable people who live under these same conditions and yet manage to retain their honour and self-respect, surely a little of the sympathy so liberally showered on the lawbreaker might be transferred to those who remain poor—and honest.—*May W., Devon.*

Dread of the Rope

Judge Atherley-Jones appears to think that the death penalty should be abolished. I suggest that a person found guilty of murder committed during the height of a moment's mad passion should be punished by incarceration; but the person guilty of a deliberately planned and callous murder by poison should certainly be hanged. The thought of the gallows is far more terrifying to the poisoner than prison.—*C. Clarke, London.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

"A Lifeboat 'Wreck'"

I should like to thank you for the excellent article in your issue of November 27, and to say how much I appreciate the care which you have taken to give such a clear account of our troubles in regard to our lifeboat at Easington. I have hopes that we may yet succeed in keeping the station open.—*G. F. Shee, Secretary, R.N.L.B.I., Charing Cross Road, W.C.*

Slum Stigma

"My Dreadful Parish," by the Rev. C. B. Roach, has revived memories of my work among boys in East London. For a time I could not grasp why they concealed their real address when applying in the City for situations. "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?" was evidently among their earliest bitter experiences. Yet, I can say that among those lads were some of the finest characters I have come across.—*H. C., Brighton.*

Who is Sane?

"Is anybody sane?" asks Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in JOHN BULL. All without exception have times when they become unreasonable and illogical. Yet, I hold, there is no one so sane as he who is occasionally otherwise, and that a lot of people who are clapped into mental asylums during periods of temporary aberration are more sane when they come back to a normal frame of mind than those whose mental balance has never suffered disturbance.—*Daft Lad, Elgin.*

Printers' Pie

Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."

"BUXTON HERALD":—"A special Meeting will be held at the Council Chamber in the Town Hall on Wednesday, at 8 o'clock in the AFTERNOON."

"THE BULLETIN" (Glasgow):—"When the Judge began to deliver his judgment for plaintiff Mr. —— picked up his gown and HANDS and papers and left the Court."

"NEWS OF THE WORLD":—"A stillness fell over the assembly that made every MOMENT seem like a MINUTE."

"BIRMINGHAM MAIL":—"MANAGER wanted, for fully-licensed House; must be exceptionally smart COUPLE, with security and undeniable references."

"NORTHERN WHIG AND BELFAST POST":—"UNFURNISHED House, 5 bedrooms, bath, To Let to Purchaser of CONTENTS; rent £58 and taxes."

The Landlord's Scapegoat

The Leasehold Reform Association lose sight of the fact that it is estate-agents who are mainly responsible for the profiteering in property. Many landlords are entirely ignorant of the details of their property and, to them, it is no offence to accept what over-zealous agents inform them is their due. Agents, also, keep down expenses of estate management by refusing to repair and redecorate premises.—*A. E. Hornsey.*

Road Litter

The usual procedure of the borough council's servants in this district is for the men to sweep the roads first and to litter it some time after, whilst emptying dustbins. Frequently paper and other domestic rubbish, including bottles, which fall from the carts are left in the road to be blown, kicked, or otherwise scattered. The public are urged not to litter the public ways. The public authorities should set an example.—*D. M. R., London, N.*

Watch Your Sausages

When the new requirements imposed by "The Public Health Preservatives Regulations, 1925," come into operation much food may have to be destroyed, while there is still danger of ill-health arising from eating tainted food. Why saltpetre should be allowed in food substances and the small amount of borax should be barred is difficult to understand. The case against boron preservatives in the minds of many has not been proved.—*J. J. A., Birmingham.*

More Unemployed

A week before Christmas the schools will send on to the labour market a large number of children just fourteen years and upwards. A very small percentage will have jobs ready for them, and practically hardly any will have been trained to go to work. What is to happen to them all? As it is, many of the children who left school last July are still unemployed. Could they not be kept at school a little longer and given some training until industry settles down again?—*S. A., London.*

Wasted Talent

The incident of Mr. J. M. Keynes stepping into the area of the Lancashire cotton industry is only another example of "the spectator seeing most of the game," and so being able to teach a lesson. So, too, the argument of Mr. A. G. Gardiner *re* American machines. Many American ideas emanated from this country, were conceived here and rejected, taken to America and accepted, and then sent here as American inventions. How many inventions are made here, bought, then pigeon-holed and never used, one could hardly say.—*Industry, Lancashire.*

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

Curious things deflation brings,
Facts it's no use blinking—
As francs rise, contrariwise,
Trade we see is sinking.

Poor faded flower! Her little hour,
Is past—there's nothing surer!
In war's alarm she had a charm,
But now has no adorer.

Converted Reds, now Labour Cads,
(Some Comrade lately said)
Will be all right and useful quite
When they've been painted red.

It's sad to see poor Mr. B.
So stony blind become,
Especially so for, as we know,
He's also deaf and dumb.

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COUGH CURE
THE BEST CHEST PROTECTOR

Friend's Advice Proves Genuine.

Mr. L. Brassey, of London, S.W.4, writes:—"I do not think one can speak too highly of Carter's Little Liver Pills for functional disorders. As a sufferer from stomachic troubles and their consequent effects, I have tried numerous so-called cures with little or no benefit, but Carter's Little Liver Pills astonished me by their easy action and quick effect. I think it would be impossible to find a safer or gentler laxative." For sick headache, indigestion, biliousness, healthy complexion, and sweet breath they are unequalled!
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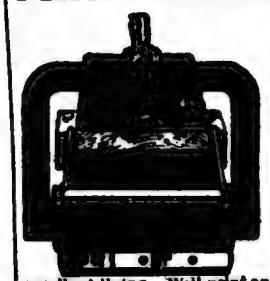

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"DUGGIE NEVER OWES"

Go for Poole at Gatwick

A Happy Hunting-ground for the Lewes Trainer—Ruddyglow Back to Form—Destined for a Grand National—Wit at Windsor

IT is seldom that I recommend a trainer to follow at any particular meeting, but Gatwick is on the board this week, and it will probably pay to note Poole's fancied runners.

A Happy Hunting-ground

Gatwick is one of George Poole's happy hunting-grounds. At the corresponding meeting last year he won with Irish Cheer, 6 to 1, Declare's Hope, 3 to 1, and Kinnaird, 3 to 1, and taken altogether his successes over the course have been phenomenal. In the past few years he has won over fifty races at Gatwick.

The Pick of the Bunch

The Lewes trainer is always prolific with his entries, and writing well in advance of racing it is not easy to spot his runners. At the weights I suggest the following are the pick of his entries: Tor-Achilty, Declare's Hope, Vindictive, Maxtoi, and Goodford.

Ruddyglow Back to Form

I was very pleased to see Ruddyglow show signs of his old form at Leicester. When I coded Mr. Filmer-Sankey's splendid 'chaser I hoped to see Ardeen in opposition, but at the last moment it was decided not to start Sir Keith Fraser's gelding.

Destined for a Grand National

Ruddyglow is young as 'chasers go—he is eight years old—and many good judges of National Hunt racing think he is destined to win a Grand National. Personally, I considered he had a wonderful chance last March with only 10st. 9lb., but a few days before the race Mr. Filmer-Sankey had the pen put through the gelding's name. Of course, he is a stronger horse now than ever, but when the weights appear in January his burden will be in the neighbourhood of 11 st. 9 lb.

Mr. Filmer-Sankey, the owner of Ruddyglow

Following the Hounds in Ireland

All last season Mr. Filmer-Sankey trained and rode the gelded son of Ruddygore himself, but he is spending this winter hunting a pack of foxhounds in Ireland, and Ruddyglow is in Barthropp's capable hands. Jimmy Hogan has had the leg up so far.

Escaped Lunatic

No one who has spent much time in Tatt.'s ring can deny that the layers possess a keen sense of humour. This was in evidence once more at the recent Windsor meeting when they offered 50 to 1 Escaped Lunatic, in a field of three. Escaped Lunatic has been at liberty for some time, but has never won a race, and never will. The gelding is doubly handicapped by not having a known pedigree.

Brains at a Discount

It was at Windsor, on the occasion of the no-betting strike, that I listened to a very amusing speech by a layer who wanted to lay the odds and was not allowed to do so by other members of the profession. In disgust, he said he was going home to dinner, and he wouldn't mind betting that the missus served up a sheep's head containing more brains than he could find in the ring that afternoon. His breezy little speech was interlarded with adjectives, but I think he had summed up the situation pretty accurately.

FOR YOUR NOTE-BOOK

RUM AND COFFEE was unlucky to be beaten by Beech Martin at Sandown Park last time out. Anthony's four-year-old should make amends in the Horsham Selling Handicap at Gatwick.

FRIAR WILE will most likely make his debut in the Headley Juvenile Hurdle Race. With Duller up the combination will want a lot of beating.

NOBLE BIRTH refused in a race for amateur riders last time out, but should be given another chance at Hurst Park. The gelding will be popping up at a nice price before long.

ORMUZD met with a nasty tumble last season, and Bennett has had to be very patient with Lord Queensborough's gelding to restore his confidence. The son of Sardanapile should be noted each-way for the Thames Handicap Hurdle Race.

POSTINO—one of my six to follow—is engaged at Hurst Park on Friday.

DETRITUS.—Keep on backing this one of Martin's.

A Ramrod in the Saddle

I am pleased to hear that R. Gordon has recovered from the nasty accident with which he met at Kempton on Kate Barlass and hopes to be in the saddle again shortly. Gordon rides in the upright, straight as a ramrod fashion, which is seldom seen nowadays, and years ago this earned for him the nickname of "Monkey." He does not score very often at the Park meetings for the simple reason that he seldom brings his horses so far from his training quarters, which are situated at Wroughton in Wiltshire.

Popular at Devon Meetings

Gordon is very popular at the South Devon meetings, Totnes, Newton Abbott, Plymouth and others, and many good stories are told about him by the farmers. I was at Totnes on one occasion and was advised to watch him going to the post. If he hit his mount on one side the beast had a good chance, if he walloped it on the other side it was a stumer. I did not notice any handwork, but I followed Gordon's mounts, and had a good afternoon. In his prime R. G. has headed the list of cross-country jockeys.

Sound Asleep Wide-awake

Early on in the season of 1924 I selected Ormada as likely to be the champion four-year-old hurdler of the year. He was. Last year I gave Truthful James. James was not a top-notcher, but he won four useful races. Parvin, the cross-country jockey, was associated with both these hurdlers, and he has won twice recently on the gelding I am nominating for the 1926-27 season, Sound Asleep. Sound Asleep is by a long-distance flat-race performer of some years ago, Feather Bed. He is very wide-awake, and will continue to improve as the season progresses.

Jockey Club or N.H.C.?

"Cross Country" wants to know if I can tell him which is the elder institution, the Jockey Club or the National Hunt Committee. The Jockey Club is years ahead of the N.H.C., "Cross Country," and it was entirely due to its indifference towards steeplechasing that the latter came into existence.

Formed to Stamp Out the Rogues

I mentioned recently that the first Grand National was run in 1839, but racing over hurdles and fences did not begin to attract the masses until the late fifties. With the crowds came the "gentlemen" who live by their wits and the race-courses were infested by every type of rogue. The Jockey Club was asked to put a stop to the plunderers but would have nothing to do with the sport. The merry game of welshing, purse-snatching, and sand-bagging went on until 1866, when the N.H.C. was formed and tackled the situation.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special, Birmingham Mail.

K G P C 3 T O I B F Y L N 2

V R Q W X S E Z M D A U J H

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. UEAYUTWES would read LOYAL SCOT.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, December 15, to Tuesday, December 21.

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK-END COUPS

6 HOME.—Newcastle, Hull, Southampton, Brighton, Exeter, Swindon.

5 HOME.—Burnley, Manchester U., Chelsea, Hull, Brighton.

4 HOME.—Sheffield U., Wolverhampton, Exeter, Southend.

3 AWAY.—Bristol C., St. Mirren, Hearts.

3 DRAWS.—Arsenal v. Tottenham, Luton v. Plymouth, Queen's Park v Dundee.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Manchester U., Hull, Brighton, Huddersfield, Notts Forest.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Hull, Hearts, Northampton v. Gillingham.

SPECIAL 5 HOME (Leagues I. and II.).—Burnley, Manchester U., Newcastle, Hull, Southampton.

FORECASTS FOR DECEMBER 25

LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Aston Villa, Bolton, Burnley, Leicester, Newcastle, Tottenham, West Ham.

AWAY WINNER.—Sunderland.

DRAWS.—Blackburn v. Huddersfield, Bury v. Wednesday.

LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Clapton, Darlington, Grimsby, Portsmouth, Reading, Wolverhampton.

AWAY WINNERS.—Southampton, Preston.

DRAWS.—Chelsea v. Hull, Manchester C. v. Middlesbrough, Oldham v. Swansea.

LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Northern).

HOME WINNERS.—Accrington, Bradford, Chesterfield, Durham, Halifax, Rochdale, Stoke, Walsall.

AWAY WINNER.—Stockport.

DRAW.—Hartlepools v. Crewe.

LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Southern).

HOME WINNERS.—Brighton, Bristol R., Charlton, Luton, Newport, Norwich, Swindon.

AWAY WINNER.—Watford.

DRAWS.—Aberdare v. Bristol C., Coventry v. Crystal Palace, Plymouth v. Exeter.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Aberdeen, Airdrie., Celtic, Motherwell, St. Johnstone, St. Mirren.

AWAY WINNER.—Glasgow Rangers.

DRAWS.—Dunfermline v. Morton, Hearts v. Dundee, Partick v. Falkirk.

RACING MAN'S POCKET GUIDE

"The Sporting Life & Sportsman"

SUMMARY OF PAST RACING, 1926

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HERE TO-DAY—AND EVERY DAY.

Remember we barred nothing in the 1st and 2nd round of English Cup.

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HAVE YOU "TAKEN A RISK."

Even if no symptoms appear and a risk of venereal infection has taken place, go at once to a doctor or attend at one of the Free Treatment Centres for advice. There MAY be nothing the matter, but if there is, the earlier the treatment is begun the quicker and surer is the cure.

Advice and treatment may be had both free of charge and under conditions of secrecy. False shame is sheer folly. The real shame is to remain uncured, and thus to risk passing on the disease to an innocent person.

Full information free (in plain cover) can be obtained from the Hon. Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council, Incorporated, Dept. P, Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James's Park Station), and his advice will be available free at this address on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

Six useful booklets for Parents 1/5 the set; four useful booklets for Girls, 9d. the set; six useful booklets for young men, 1/4 the set, all post free, in plain cover.

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In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects. Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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Mention any ailments and give FULL DETAILS of all foods and drinks at each meal.

Write name and address in CAPITALS, and enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

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A touch of "Nostroline" inside your nose will rapidly relieve your cold in the head. Defies detection. So simple a child can use it. Fragrant. "Nostroline" banishes colds and prevents catarrh. From all chemists, 1/3 and 3/-

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Nasal Specific

Rheumatic Aches

Excruciating Pain Stopped.

If you suffer with rheumatism—if changeable weather causes excruciating pain in joints and muscles—use Sloan's without delay. Apply gently to the painful part. Instantly you notice a change. Relief quickly follows and your pain dies away.

Always keep a bottle handy ready at any time to kill pain.

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For INDIGESTION I took CICFA

(which supplies Stomach and Bowel DIGESTIVE FERMENTS)

"Now I eat whatever I desire."

"I wish all Indigestion Sufferers to know that every word I say is true."

READ THE EXPLANATION

If you are suffering from Indigestion, whatever the cause may be, you are likely to think that a remedy which relieves others may not suit **your** case, because **you think yours is different**—and your symptoms may be different—but the root causes of all cases of uncomplicated Indigestion are always the same—that is, there is a shortage of the Digestive Ferments which Nature must have to digest the Albuminous food in the Stomach, and also to digest the Starchy food in the Bowel.

Without these Digestive Ferments one person suffers with Acidity, Heartburn, Wind-rising, that Feeling of Fullness, White-Coated Tongue, Headache, Bad Complexion, Flushed Face, etc.; while another suffers from Flatulence, Bilious Symptoms caused by obstructed Bile Circulation, and Constipation, with all the misery which it causes; but whether you have some or all of these symptoms, they can be removed ONLY by a remedy which supplies NATURE'S DIGESTIVE FERMENTS.

In CICFA you have such a remedy; one in which those Ferments are active, so that digestion is restored in both Stomach and Bowel.

Mr. David realises these facts, and having known the sufferings from indigestion, and the joy of health, with the pleasure of eating what he pleases, he wishes all sufferers to know that Cicfa relieved him, and that his words are true.

NOW READ Mr. DAVID'S WORDS.

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"Dear Sirs,—Some time ago I wrote to you for a sample of your Indigestion remedy, Cicfa. The sample gave me such instant relief that I continued by purchasing the 1s. 3d. tubes. I had been suffering with Indigestion for about 2½ years, and had tried several other remedies, but I found them all failures. Then I took Cicfa, and found it necessary to take only three or four tubes, and I was and am now able to eat whatever I desire. I think honestly that Cicfa is most wonderful, and deserves the highest praise. I always strongly recommend it to any of my friends that I find are afflicted with Indigestion. I really cannot find words to express my gratitude nor my pleasure at having found a remedy which really removes Indigestion as Cicfa has removed mine. I only hope that if you publish this letter, those sufferers from Indigestion who read it will believe that every word I say is true, and will immediately take Cicfa, the only certain remedy. Thanking you for my present health and for being able to enjoy life again.

Yours truly,
F. L. DAVID."

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have already taken up CICFA, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice. When so many British doctors are satisfied with Cicfa you can confidently begin taking it at once. TESTED JB

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"John Bull," 18/12 26.

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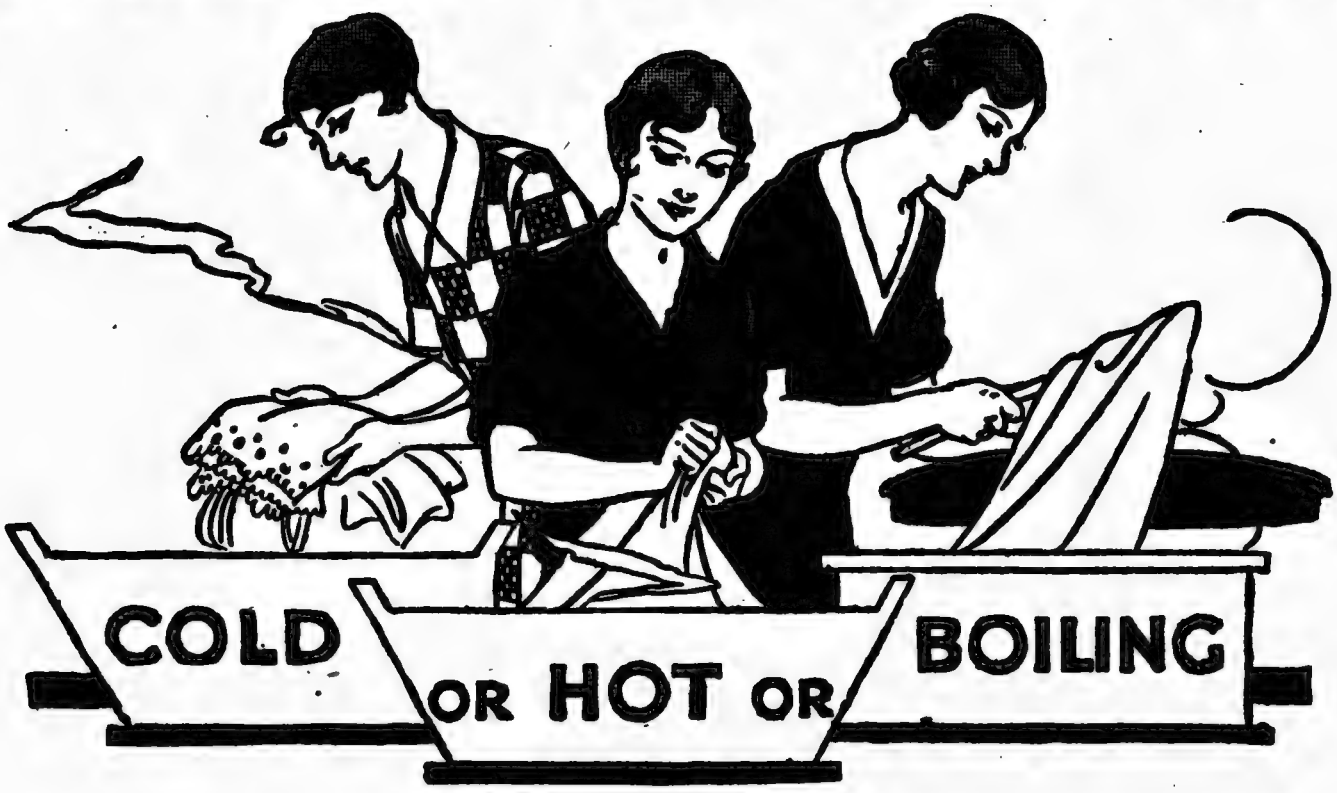

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If it's soaking in cold water, steeping in hot water or boiling, you will find that Rinso will do it better, do it quicker, do much more of it too.

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There are no hard and fast rules for Rinso users. Rinso is absolutely safe, you can't go wrong. Rinso takes a load of washing off your hands and a load off your mind.

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R216-160

JOHN BULL *Replies*

WHAT about your insurance policy? Don't think everything is all right because you pay your premiums regularly and are assured by the agent that all is O.K. There are some nasty snags about them at times. Our Assurance Bureau is recovering thousands of pounds for readers who thought they had nothing to come. Send particulars and stamped, addressed envelope to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service and our experts will tell you whether your confidence is justified.

* * *

P. T. (Finsbury).—"I like fogs." We don't see much in them.

N. W. C. (S. Shields).—"I sing to kill time." We have heard voices like that.

P. E. P. (London, W.).—"I'm starting business on my own." You have helpful initials.

NETTA (Wigan).—"What can a girl do when a man pulls her on to his knee?" Sit on him.

N. V. S. (Rochdale).—"I play the piano by ear." A bit of a contortionist, aren't you?

P. E. S. (Prittlewell).—"What is nicer when thirsty than a glass of good beer?" Two glasses

P. S. (Walworth).—"Is it right to use the word 'damn' in decent society?" Damn it, no!

G. M. (Highgate).—"He simply loves himself." He probably has the exclusive rights for this.

C. F. (Slough).—"It's a wise child who knows its own father." Especially now mother is shingled.

E. D. (Loughton).—"The doctor had me walking inside a week." We also had to sell our car to pay him.

D. L. (Peckham).—"I can hardly read my own handwriting." We assure you that you haven't missed much.

R. H. (Farnham).—"I think I saw him going into a public-house." Are you sure you didn't see him coming in?

"PURITAN" (St. Albans).—"No man will ever make a fortune by smoking." He may, if he smokes good haddocks.

D. T. J. (Colwyn).—"What is the difference between a *table-d'hote* dinner and one *à la carte*?" Generally about five bob.

W. N. F. (Birmingham).—"Have you ever got a pearl out of an oyster?" No, but we know a girl who got one out of a stock-broker.

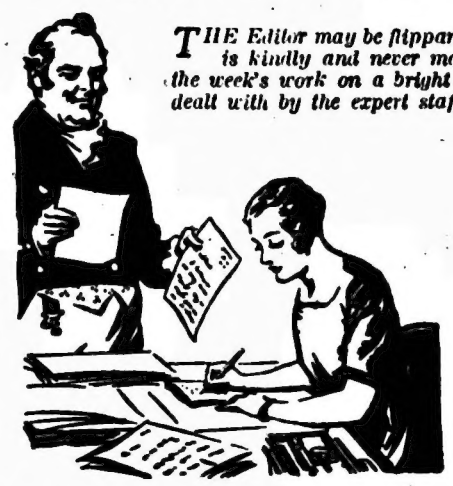
F. W. (York).—"What is the best thing to take to reduce redness in the face and nose?" Nothing, especially between meals.

T. M. (Staines).—"I lent my watch to a relative and now I can't get it back." Uncle naturally won't give it to you without the ticket.

L. J. (Caterham).—"Some of the actors now out of work are artistes of real promise." Then it's hard luck they don't get the chance to perform.

P. C. K. (Leicester).—"Goods traffic seems to become more and more congested at Christmas-time." Naturally, at this season it gets a good deal hampered.

M. G. (Swansea).—"I think all close relations should gather round one table on Christmas Day." You think that would prevent them from blighting the rest of the family with their meanness.



THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

J. Y. (Iver).—"She's a beautiful singer." But does she sing beautifully?

G. M. (Harford).—"I wonder why Germany lost the war?" Most people wonder if.

W. W. (Mansfield).—"There is a big boot sale in our street." But we only take sevens.

G. J. (Brighton).—"I like to be left with my thoughts." Don't you feel very lonely by yourself.

B. C. T. (Bideford).—"Night clubs are the last places a woman should go to." And they often are.

C. M. (London).—"Why do police on point duty wear white sleeves?" To emphasise the arm of the law.

C. H. (Petersham).—"Do you agree that the art of letter-writing is lost?" No—but we often wish it was.

MRS. B. (Thorneycroft).—"My husband hasn't the manners of a hog." For which you must be very thankful.

W. J. (Bentham).—"I consider I am the best judge of calves in this neighbourhood." Grass-fed or silk-covered?

H. G. (Hammersmith).—"My next-door neighbour is a perfect simpleton." Don't tell us you're next door to an idiot!

MRS. T. (Cardiff).—"In spite of this shouting about distress what do we see on every hand?" Gloves is our guess, madam.

MRS. N. (Rhondda).—"Thank goodness there'll be no strikes in heaven." But you can depend there'll be a good many lock-outs.

R. B. (St. Albans).—"A friend of mine claims Dick Turpin, the highwayman, as an ancestor." And what is your friend? A taxi-driver?

S. R. L. (Barnes).—"Some friends and I are making up a Christmas carol party in aid of a local charity." Hope it will be a howling success.

D. B. T. (Newhaven).—"Why do people risk their lives climbing high mountains?" Possibly to get away from those who ask silly questions.

F. R. (Bristol).—"I hope some day to see myself in the list of New Year Honours." Meanwhile, you'll have to be content with the Christmas decorations.

T. B. R. (Bognor).—"A man stopped me in the street the other day who hadn't seen me for twenty years." Better to have a memory like his than a face like yours.

J. M. (Brixton).—"Walking up Bow Street the other day my attention was arrested by the appearance of the police court." Think yourself lucky it was only your attention that was arrested.

W. D. (Swansea).—"It is mere idle curiosity." Curiosity is never idle.

P. R. G. (Taunton).—"Money brings trouble." And trouble should never be borrowed.

GEORGE R. (Maidstone).—"My voice filled the hall." Did the audience make room for it?

I. R. E. (Croydon).—"Do you ever treat policemen?" Always—with the greatest respect.

A. I. (Nelson).—"A thousand wouldn't buy the story from me now." And we're one of the thousand.

F. T. O. (Bucks).—"Whatever is it that woman can always talk about for hours?" Easy! Man!

MRS. T. (Bolton).—"I always hit my finger when driving nails." Hold the hammer with both hands.

A. T. T. (Islington).—"It is a terrible job to cross the road nowadays." Yes, one has to be quick or dead.

L. M. (Rochester).—"What is the submerged tenth?" The amount of whisky in a full whisky bottle.

F. G. (Brighouse).—"Dancing seems to be quite a craze nowadays." Yes, it has caught a good many on the hop.

WM. P. (Epping).—"If I marry I'll be head of the house or know the reason why." You'll know the reason why.

H. H. D. (Wroughton).—"Where's the best place to get a good umbrella in London?" Any decent restaurant.

F. M. S. (London, E.).—"The dentist hurt me a lot and then charged me a big price." So you had two painful partings.

B. F. (Rochampton).—"Now, sir, is there anything in this that you feel it necessary to challenge?" No—not even your initials.

D. S. (Welwyn).—"In my railway compartment the other morning every other passenger was reading JOHN BULL." Can't you read?

T. E. (Acton).—"I've invented a new type of vacuum. Do you think there's money in it?" There shouldn't be anything in it.

C. K. (Ingleton).—"I know a man who makes quite a good income from selling tripe." That should encourage some of our novel writers.

G. J. K. (Kirkstall).—"I hope you don't think I'm a liar." Oh, no; we merely think you treat the truth with penurious frugality.

MRS. L. B. (Oldham). "Food prices are still going up." And so are food prizes. We've increased the number of *Bull's* Hampers to 200 this week.

S. McK. (Aberdeen).—"We Aberdonians know how to put our hands in our pockets at the call of charity." And keep them there until the danger is over?

MRS. S. (Lancaster).—"A bit of bacon will always help the bird to go round on Christmas Day." And a drop of whisky will help it to go round and round and round.

F. M. (Leighton Buzzard).—"The speeches of our councillors are limited to ten minutes." We suppose that those with a lot to say runtheirwordstogether likethis.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Mrs. James Milligan Tells How Cuticura Healed Daughter

"Dry eczema broke out on one of my daughter's fingers and soon spread all over her hands. She suffered agony with the irritation, and I could not allow her to touch anything for her hands were in such a terrible state. She could not sleep at night.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. After using there was a great improvement so I purchased more, and after using one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment she was completely healed, in about a month." (Signed) Mrs. James Milligan, 12, Hayside, Crosshouse, By Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scot.

Keep your skin clear and your pores active by daily use of Cuticura Soap. Heal irritations and rashes with Cuticura Ointment.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Banner St., London, E.C.1. Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

A stitch in time saves nine

—and rolling your own Cigarettes saves 3½d. in every shilling, and gives you a better, fresher smoke.

ZIG-ZAG CIGARETTE PAPERS

GALLOWAY'S gives the all Clear Signal

NO MORE COUGHS & COLDS

When the danger signal is up, take Galloway's without delay. A dose in time will prevent the development of any cough or cold. If a cough or cold has already gripped you, Galloway's will cure it like one o'clock. Pleasant to take and wonderfully efficacious.

DON'T BE WITHOUT IT—IT'S A LIFE SAVER.

Mrs. Ross, of 45, Woodland Street, Dalston, says:—"Galloway's" Cough Syrup is the only thing that stops my little girl's cough quickly. Being ruptured, it is very necessary that she should not cough. "Galloway's" always acts like magic. When I wrote you, she had a very bad cough with a touch of bronchitis. When the Cough Syrup arrived, it acted as it has always done, and stopped her cough AT ONCE.

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

Sold by Chemists everywhere, 1/3 & 2/6 per bottle, or direct from P. H. GALLOWAY, Ltd., Chemists, London, S.E.17. Price 1/9 & 3/3 post free.

"DAISY"

In 2d. Packets from all Chemists

cures Headache and Neuralgia

300 Million Sold

for Head, Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains, and as a sure pick-me-up for the Nerves.

Miss J. Rich writes:—

"I have great pleasure in writing about 'Daisy.' I have suffered from headaches since I was 13, and I can say that 'Daisy' always gives me relief. I always recommend them to friends."

(Signed) J. Rich,
20, Holland Street,
Brighton, Sussex.

DAISY LTD.,
HORSFORTH, LEEDS.

Miss J. Rich
(from a photograph)

NOT ONLY HARMLESS, BUT VERY BENEFICIAL

Dr. Robertson Wallace, M.B., C.M., writes: "Your 'Daisy' Headache Cure merits my complete approval. I lay great stress both on its efficiency and safety. There is no possibility of it causing injury to the system."

D 22

Don't Wear a Truss!

After 30 Years' Experience an Appliance has been invented for Men, Women and Children that Cures Rupture.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who Cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried most everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief where all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies. We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on the file in our office Fill in the Free Coupon below and post to-day.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (387H), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of Rupture.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Please write plainly. .....

"The Greatest of These . . . . . ."

Proof—but No Pudding

Helpless in "Heartbreak House"

LET a poor woman tell a story of her heartbreaking distress in her own words:

"My husband have been ill the most part of the time since October, 1925. He suffered terrible sometimes with stomach trouble caused through the war, but does not get any pension, and is in no clubs at all as they won't take him in with his complaint.

"He was just the same when he first came out of the Army, so we bought a caravan and while we lived in that he had better health, but when the children kept coming the caravan was not big enough, so we had to get into a house and sell the van, and now he is as bad as ever he was.

"We have six little children ages twelve, ten, eight, five, three and two, five of which are boys.

"I have had no money from anywhere for three weeks. My husband being ill in bed, and I went to the parish for relief, and got 14s. in tickets.

"I am worried all ways for money, and with six little ones and an ill husband I am at my wits' end."

PROOF is contained in the following letter from the local vicar:

"I have known Mrs. ——— for many years, and to the best of my knowledge the statements contained in her letter are perfectly true and correct."

Proof enough, but the enormous demand upon the "Greatest of These ——" Fund has prevented us from sending this poor woman anything but the most urgent assistance.

We most earnestly beg for increased subscriptions to enable us to ease the heartache in such poverty-stricken homes. Every penny contributed will be expended in relief without any deduction whatever.

"The Greatest of These—"

***Registered under the War Charities Act as the* JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

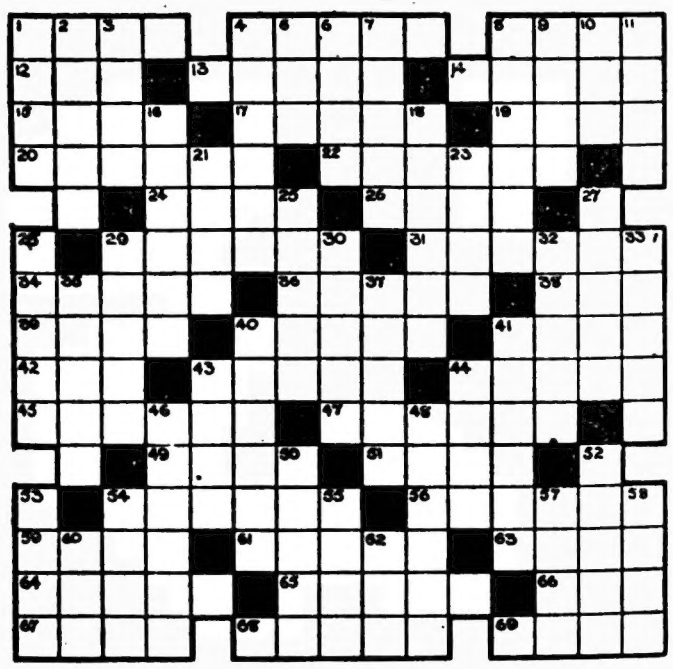
H. C. Heaton, 2s. 6d.; J. W., 2s. 6d.; G. W. (Peckham), 2s.; A. Pearl (Droxford), 6s.; Mr. W. C. Hayles, 1d.; Mr. J. ———son, 5s.; Major Jones (Portman), 5s.; W. N. ———, 10s.; A. C. K.'s 613, 1s.; Anon., 6d.; B. O. B., 1s.; F. S. (New Southgate), 2s.; "Confession Ninth, 4s.; From a Friend, 1s.; Mrs. Harris (Derby), 2s. 6d.; F. S. Tozer, Westminster Mere, 2s. 6d.; A "Reader" (Camberwell), 10s.; A. B. (Stockport), 6d.; Leto, 3d.; T. Hall, Mr. Broughton), 10s.; W. J. Roberts, 2s. 6d.; C. N. E., 2s. 6d.; "Little Marian," 2s.; Myra Gray, 10s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Hong Kong, 100, 10s.; "Optimistic Plodder," £1; E. H. (Brixton), 1s.; W. H. Tolley, "A Ninth," 3s.; Jessie's "Ninth for Luck," 2s. 6d.; From a Friend, 1s.; J. F. Staitaland, 2s. 6d.; Rhoderian D.P. Retired, 12s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; T. W. T., 1s.; M. S., 1s.; Mrs. S. Williams (Shrewsbury), 1s.; R. F. Oxford, 1s. 6d.; A Scot In Cornwall, 5s.; Mr. W. ——— (Wallington), 2s.; R. J. and A. T. Dobbin, 5s.; Mr. T. Eggenton (Sheffield), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Bros (Jarrow-on-Tyne), 10s.; A. Dawson, ———, 5s.; J. Johnstone (Glasgow), 3s.; Mrs. Annie Pollard, 1s.; Mrs. J. B. Hall (Wynnondium), 2s.; Brent Kennels Dry Shampoo, 4s.; Myra Gray (Kilmarnock), 10s.; A Grateful Reader (Northampton), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Palmer, 2s. 6d.; L. M. B. (Addington), 2s.; Mr. G. W. Hatch, 2s. 6d.; E. R. C. O. F., A. M., Arthur's Birthday, 2s.; Mrs. L. May, 1s. 9d.; "Harvest Thanksgiving," 10s.; E. Graham (Portsmouth), 2s. 6d.; S. E. H. (Redditch), 2s. 2d.; C. Martin, 6d.; Mr. Charles Cheesman, 10s.; Mr. J. Stacey, 5s.; Miss Myrtle Tong, 1s.; Mrs. Bennington, 2s. 6d.; "Commission" Ninth, 4s. 4d.; The New Boy, 6d.; "My Ninth," Sandy, 6d.; E. F., Somerset, 1s.

Mr. Philip Inman begs to acknowledge, with deep appreciation, the receipt of a Bank of England Note No. 47287 for £50 from "In Memory Ward," London, W.12. He will see that it is distributed in accordance with the wish of the donor.

Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.

Our Cross-Word Corner

For the Fireside



CLUES ACROSS

1. A difficulty.
4. A confection.
8. To avoid.
12. Floor covering.
13. A bet.
14. Stop.
15. To associate.
17. Connection.
19. Range of vision.
20. At a distance.
22. Handle of a rudder.
24. Liquid precipitation.
26. House entrance.
29. Egyptian military chief.
31. A summary
34. Small sharp sound.
36. Formation.
38. Decay.
39. Station.
40. Every 24 hours.
41. Unadulterated.
42. Monkey.
43. Lancs town.
44. Kind of leather.
45. Alloy of tin and lead.
47. Roving.
49. In addition to.
51. Discernment.
54. Whole.
56. A pin for fastening meat.
59. A favour.
61. Dog's lead.
63. Speed contest.
64. Go in.
65. Indian title.
66. Frozen water.
67. One is nearing its end.
68. To jeer.
69. Happy.

CLUES DOWN

1. A crustaceous fish.
2. Sovereign.
3. Offensive to the eye.
4. Outspoken
5. Number of years.
6. Nearest.
7. Celtic priest.
8. Grave.
9. Whiskers.
10. Employ.
11. Felines.
16. "Miss ——" (pun).
18. Slovenly.
21. Police informer.
23. Looking.
25. Performing to the nose.
27. An inlet of the sea.
28. Morsel.
29. Fibrous utricle cord
30. Big European river.
32. Condiment stand.
33. Prescriptions.
35. Part of a coat.
37. Wide awake.
40. Pertaining to the back.
41. A backer.
43. Western European race.
44. Bag.
46. Nickname for sixpence
48. Thin slice.
50. Expanse of water.
52. Birthplace of Mahomet
53. To Yield to.
54. A jot.
55. Domesticated.
57. To lament.
58. Musical pipe.
60. A number.
62. Bishop's seat.

The solution of last week's Cross-Word Puzzle is on page 4.

Hampers that Help

THIS year *Bullets* Turkeys have shared their popularity with Surrey Fowls. From all over the country letters are pouring in from competitors who are looking forward eagerly to a *Bullets* Christmas Dinner.

Now, to follow Turkeys and Fowls, comes a big batch of entirely fresh *Bullets* prizes—New Year Hampers packed with seasonable fare of the highest quality.

When the New Year comes and Christmas fare is almost exhausted, who would not be delighted to receive a fine big hamper containing a fowl, pork sausages, Dundee cake, biscuits, chocolates, preserved fruit, cigarettes and a bottle of fine old port?

Start to-day and begin the New Year well with one of the 200 *Bullets* Hampers offered this week.

Motor Driver's £500

"I can't realise that I've won such a lot of money. £500 is more than I ever dreamt of possessing!" So writes the delighted winner of the First Prize in *Bullets* Competition No. 619.

He is Mr. James Doherty, of 1, Lower Road, Londonderry, a motor-driver employed at a petroleum depot in the City. His winning effort, OWING TO HER—DEPARTED HUSBAND—HUSBAND DEPARTED, is a neatly-turned *Bullet* on a topic one would scarcely expect a young bachelor to choose.

"It was not until I settled down seriously to competing in *Bullets* that prizes began to come along," says Mr. Doherty. "Since then I've won £2 10s., two £1 prizes, three Turkeys, and half-a-dozen smaller cash prizes. My way is to study the winning *Bullets* to my satisfaction—and then start to study them again. If disappointments come I swallow them and try harder."

"BULLETS" TURKEY WINNERS!

COMPETITION No. 619—

(Continued from last week.)

Mrs. G. Outhet, Scarborough; W. J. Owen, Bridgend; R. W. Owen, Northwich; C. Pace, Birmingham; Mrs. J. Painter, Isle of Ely; Miss H. Parker, Anerley; C. Patterson, Belfast; E. Pool, Cheadle Heath; Miss G. T. Peach, Nottingham; F. Pearce, Radstock; C. Pinfold, Sandiestead; G. F. Pratt, Brighton; W. Pratt, Sunderland A. Prescott, Pontey; G. F. Pulford, Wood Green, N.; C. N. Puttick, Walmer Rd., W.; A. L. Ranger, Portsmouth; R. J. Rattray, Stockton; F. Reading, Finsbury; J. F. Reed, Lewisham; W. Rees, Bristol; W. T. Rees, Hoxton; G. H. Reynolds, Hereford; C. Richards, Cheltenham; E. J. Richards, Blaengarw; Mrs. Rimmington, Stroud, W. R. F. Ritchie, Sunderland; F. W. Roberts, Shefford; R. E. Robinson, Shepherd's Bush; A. Rothwell, Bolton; J. Rowe, Thornton Heath; Mrs. A. Royle, Latchford; W. Rochelle, Whitechurch; V. Rummery, Aldershot; E. A. St. George, Stretford; R. E. Sandall, Levenshulme; W. J. Sharples, Lancaster; S. Shaw, Ilkeston; A. Sherwood, Pinxton Miss K. Siddall, Sunderland; A. Simmons, Derby; A. J. Smith, Ashford, Kent; H. Smith, Friar St., Everton; W. Smith, Bournemouth Rd., Peckham; W. Smith, Sandyville Rd., L'pool; W. H. Snell, Hampton; S. G. Spendiff, Dartford; Mrs. S. Spendlove, Rugby; Miss M. Stacey, Bermondsey; A. W. Stevens, Chapeltown, Leeds; W. Stimson, Shackleford; F. Stocker, Eccles; S. D. Stringer, Rotherham; W. Stringer, Seascombe; C. Styne, Litchfield; C. Summerfield, Leicester; S. M. Sweet, Watford; A. J. Taylor, Hull; Mrs. E. Taylor, Muswell Hill; W. M. Taylor, Meigle; G. W. Tennyman, Bradford; I. N. Thomas, Fleetwood; Mrs. S. J. Thomas, Hereford; F. Tibbetts, Wellingborough; H. E. Thumins, Stoke Newington; J. Tipp, High Wycombe; F. K. Tippett, Exeter; Mrs. F. M. Tonks, Acocks Green; H. E. Tokeley, Lancaster Rd., N.; H. Tripp, Dolwyddelen; M. Truin, Harpurhey; H. Tuck, Guernsey; E. Turner, Nottingham; H. V. Victor, Bellingham; J. Victor, Exeter; D. J. Walters, Swansea; C. Ward, Bristol; J. Ward, Stockton; A. D. Watson, Dundee; C. Watson, Hulme; M. J. Watson, Cambridge; S. Webb, Hertford; G. H. Wells, Sth. Norwood; A. Westhead, S. Shields; Mrs. M. Whalley, Hull; T. White, Dukinfield; T. G. White, Ferryhill; C. Whittle, Accrington; Mrs. J. Wilkinson, Doncaster; A. Williams, Wigan; A. F. Williams, Larkhill; Mrs. D. Williams, Birkenhead; H. Williams, Birkenhead; T. Williams, Amlwch; Mrs. D. M. Wilson, Hull; Mrs. F. Winson, East Ham; R. B. Winter, Bishop Auckland; — Wood, Batley; A. V. Wordham, Leytonstone; R. H. Young, Cinderford.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR BULLETS COMPETITION No. 622.

MY NEW YEAR HOPE—SILVER LINING—AGAIN—"I LOVE YOU!"—JACK FROST—HOW TO GET WORK—SHOULD A WOMAN TELL?—TOO LITTLE—TO-DAY'S PROBLEM—WHAT THE SERGEANT SAID—MAN NEXT DOOR—BABY CLOTHES—WHY TOMMY WAS SPANKED—THE OLD FOLKS—AT THE NIGHT-CLUB—THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE—A SMOKER—WHEN SHE'S OUT—SEEING THINGS—WHAT IS CHARITY?

200 'BULLETS' HAMPERS THIS WEEK!

Each hamper contains a selected fowl, pork sausages, Dundee cake, fancy tin of biscuits, box of chocolates, box of preserved fruits, cigarettes & a bottle of fine old port.

'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £500

2nd Prize £100

3rd Prize £50

4th Prize £25

5th Prize £10

200 Prizes of 5/- 10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES 500 Prizes of 2/6

10 PRIZES OF £5 100 PRIZES OF £1 10 PRIZES OF £2-10

A NEW YEAR FEAST FOR A FEW WORDS!

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 622.

1927
BRITANNIA
BIG JOB
SAID TO HUBBY
STOPPING AT HOME
FATHER'S NEW YEAR RESOLUTION
BARGAIN HUNTING
KEY TO HER HEART
THE CHARLESTON
GOES A LONG WAY
PAYS HER
ALL I WANT
HEARD AT THE GARAGE
SANDY AND SOLLY
PERFECT GENTLEMAN
SNOWING
WHEN LIGHTS ARE LOW
FOR HER SAKE
GOOD HIDING
TREE OF KNOWLEDGE
HAPPY
VILLAGE PUB
WHAT THE CANNIBAL SAID
AN OVERSIGHT
WILLINGLY
A LOVE STORY
COMMUNITY SINGING
WITH OR WITHOUT
THING OF THE FUTURE
PENNILESS
TELLING THE WORLD
WHAT IS SUCCESS?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 622 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Thus a recent winner who selected the *Example*—No SECRET, added the *Bullet*—YET LOVERS PREFER WHISPERING, and secured £50 for those few words. Three recent big Prize-winners were:—

Example:—TRUE LOVE *Bullet*:—TAKES LIFETIME TO "TELL."
Example:—TOO MANY *Bullet*:—NEGLECT CHANCE—BLAME LUCK.
Example:—BRITAIN'S BUSINESS *Bullet*:—"POACHED" WHILE WE "SCRAMBLE."

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons to "Bullets" No. 622, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 30.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(622) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 30.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(622) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 30.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(622) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

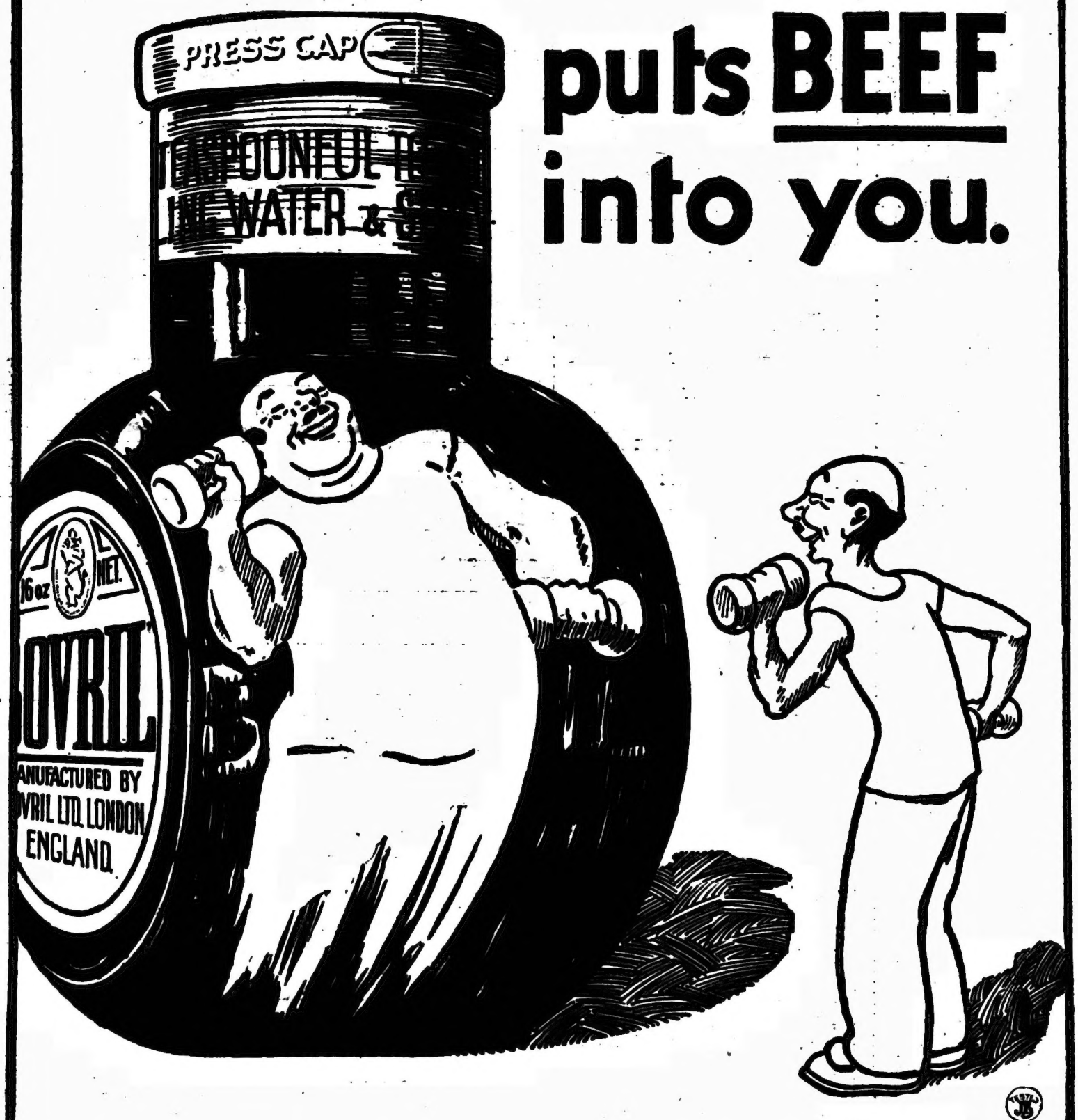
Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 30.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(622) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 619, will be exhibited in the window of Miss N. Canning, 55½, William Street, Londonderry.

BOVRIL

puts **BEEF** into you.



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